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BOSTON
TEMPERANCE
SONGSTER.



BOSTON: WHITE & POTTER,
No. 15 State Street.
NEW YORK: OLIVER & BROTHOR,
Corner of Nassau and Fulton Streets.
1849.



THE
BOSTON
TEMPERANCE SONGSTER;

A COLLECTION OF
SONGS AND HYMNS

FOR
TEMPERANCE SOCIETIES
ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

BY R. K. POTTER.

BOSTON:
PUBLISHED BY WHITE AND POTTER
15 State Street.

NEW YORK: OLIVER AND BROTHER,
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1849.

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Court of Massachusetts

PREFACE.

THE editor, in presenting this little work to the public, would merely say, that he has been induced to do so, with the view to place within the reach of every one, a good collection of Temperance Songs, such as are most in use, and adapted to the wants of the community at the present time. The maxim, that the songs of a people are of more worth than the laws, if not strictly true, has been verified to a certain extent in this great temperance reform;—in many instances, where every other means have failed, the electrifying influence of the song has aroused the individual to a sense of his danger, and sent conviction to his heart.

The editor would merely add, that the work comprises many of the popular songs of the day, which have never before been published, among which are some from the pen of Ossian E. Dodge, Esq., and sung with so much applause at the concerts given by Messrs. Covert and Dodge, in this city, and other places.

To the Rev. E. Thompson of South Dedham, Messrs. Charles Marsh of Roxbury, P. H. Sweetser and A. J. Locke of Charlestown, Charles D. Lincoln and John F. Coles of this city, the editor would tender his sincere thanks for their valuable contributions.

We have in preparation No. 2 of the Boston Songster, comprising an entire new collection of songs, which have neve before been publishe^d. It will be issued as soon as the demands for this Number can be answered.

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TEMPERANCE SONGSTER.

Hymn.

TUNE — *Coronation.*

ALL hail the power of abstinence !
Let drunkards sound the call !
Bring forth our Washingtonian pledge,
And let them sign it all.

Save, you who love the temperance cause,
The tippler from his fate ;
Now is the time to stop his course,
Before it is too late.

O, save them from so dread an end ;
'Tis duty to your God !
And in the rescued drunkard's thanks
You'll find a sure reward.

Strive on ! our power at last will part
The drunkard from his bane ;
'Twill overcome the hydra's strength,
Till all his heads are slain.

Then for the monster's ruthless foot
No resting-place is found ;
His magic spell no more shall slay,
But be forever bound.

Hymn.

Air — America.

My country ! 'tis of thee,
 Sweet land of liberty —
 Of thee I sing ;
 Land where my fathers died ;
 Land of the Pilgrims' pride ;
 From every mountain side
 Let Temp'rance ring.

My native country ! thee —
 Land of the noble free —
 Thy name I love :
 I love thy rocks and rills,
 Thy woods and templed hills ;
 My heart with rapture thrills,
 Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
 And ring, from all the trees,
 Sweet freedom's song :
 Let infant tongues awake ;
 Let all that breathe partake ;
 Let rocks their silence break ;
 The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God ! to thee,
 Author of liberty,
 To thee we sing :
 Long may our land be bright
 With temperance' holy light ;
 Protect us by thy might,
 Great God, our King !

I am pledged.

TUNE — *Canaan.*

TOGETHER now we'll sweetly live ;
 I am bound for a life of Temp'rance ,
 My heart and hand in pledge I give
 To the holy cause of Temp'rance.
 O Temp'rance, sweet Temp'rance ;
 I am pledged to a life of Temp'rance ;
 O, Temp'rance shall bless my happy home ;
 I am pledged to a life of Temp'rance

Though you set out before I did,
 I am bound for a life of Temp'rance ;
 A full adieu to rum I bid,
 To live and die with Temp'rance.
 O Temp'rance, &c.

I have some friends whose kindness gained
 My pledge to this life of Temp'rance ;
 And I'm resolved to do the same
 For the victims of Intemp'rance.
 O Temp'rance, &c.

Then come with me intemp'rate friend ;
 Enlist in the cause of Temp'rance ;
 A sober, happy life to spend,
 Come pledge to a life of Temp'rance.
 O Temp'rance, &c.

Our songs of praise on earth shall rise,
 While we live the life of Temp'rance ;
 We'll sing his praise above the skies,
 Who gives the bliss of Temp'rance.
 O Temp'rance, &c.

The Song of the Redeemed.

BY REV. J. PIERPONT.

WE come, we come, that have been held
 In burning chains so long ;
 We're up ! and on we come, a host
 Full fifty thousand strong.
 The chains we've snapped that held us round
 The wine-vat and the still ;
 Snapped by a blow — nay, by a word,
 That mighty word — I WILL !

We come from Belial's palaces,
 The tippling-shop and bar ;
 And, as we march, those gates of hell
 Feel their foundations jar.
 The very ground, that oft has held
 All night our throbbing head,
 Knows that we're up, — no more to fall, —
 And trembles at our tread.

From dirty den, from gutter foul,
 From watch-house and from prison,
 Where they who gave the poisonous glass,
 Had thrown us, have we risen ;
 From garret high have hurried down,
 From cellar stived and damp
 Come up, till alley, lane, and street,
 Echo our earthquake tramp.

And on — and on — a swelling host
 Of temp'rance men we come,
 Contemning, and defying all
 The powers and priests of rum : —

A host redeemed, who've drawn the sword,
 And sharpened up its edge,
 And hewn our way through hostile ranks,
 To the teetotal pledge.

To God be thanks, who pours us out
 Cold water from his hills,
 In crystal springs and babbling brooks,
 In lakes and sparkling rills !
 From these to quench our thirst we come,
 With freeman's shout and song,
 A host already numbering more
 Than fifty thousand strong.

The Cup for Me.

TUNE — *The rose that all are praising.*

THE drink that's in the drunkard's bowl
 Is not the drink for me ;
 It kills his body and his soul ;
 How sad a sight is he !
 But there's a drink which God hath given,
 Distilling in the showers of heaven,
 In measures large and free :
 O, that's the drink for me,
 O, that's the drink for me,
 O, that's the drink for me.

The stream that many prize so high
 Is not the stream for me ;
 For he who drinks it still is dry ;
 Forever dry he'll be.

But there's a stream so cool and clear,
 The thirsty traveller lingers near ;
 Refreshed and glad is he :
 O, that's the stream for me, &c.

The wine-cup that so many prize
 Is not the cup for me ;
 The aching head, the bloated face,
 In its sad train I see.
 But there's a cup of water pure,
 And he who drinks it may be sure
 Of health and length of days :
 O, that's the cup for me, &c.



'Tis but a Drop.

TUNE — *Auld lang syne.*

" 'Tis but a drop," the father said,
 And gave it to his son ;
 But little did he think a work
 Of death was then begun.
 The " drop " that lured him when the babe
 Scarce lisped his father's name,
 Planted a fatal appetite
 Deep in his infant frame.

" 'Tis but a drop," the comrades cried,
 In truant schoolboy tone ;
 " It did not hurt us in our robes —
 It will not now we're grown."
 And so they drank the mixture up,
 That reeling, youthful band ;
 For each had learned to love the taste
 From his own father's hand.

" 'Tis but a drop — I need it now,"
 The staggering drunkard said :
 " It was my food in infancy —
 My meat, and drink, and bread.

A drop — a drop — O, let me have,
 'Twill so refresh my soul ! "
 He took it — trembled — drank, and died
 Grasping the fatal bowl.



Cold Water Chase.

TUNE — *The bright rosy morning.*

WHEN bright rosy morning
 Peeps over the hills,
 With blushes adorning
 The meadows and fields,
 While the heavy, heavy, heavy sot
 In woe slinks away,
 We wake from sweet slumbers,
 And hail the new day.

Intemp'rance before us
 Is ready to fly,
 And quails at the chorus
 We raise to the sky.
 Then follow, follow, follow, follow
 The Cold Water chase,
 Where pleasure, and vigor,
 And health, all embrace.

The day's work, when over,
 Makes the blood circle right —

The cold water lover
 Sweet rest finds at night.
 Then let us, let us life enjoy
 In this cold-water way,
 And peace crown our night, boys,
 As joy crowns our day.



The Fireman's Song.

TUNE — *Cheer up, my lively lads.*

WHEN duty calls, we're wide awake,
 And ready on the spot, sirs ;
 And, when aroused, our course we take,
 All other cares forgot, sirs.
 Then cheer we up, my gallant boys ;
 We fear no wind or weather ;
 United in a righteous cause,
 We'll act and fight together

The hall-bell sounds the loud alarm,
 The Fireman's bells reply, sirs ;
 While yielding to their music's charm,
 All danger we defy, sirs.
 Then cheer we up, &c.

With active hand, and sober head,
 Our charge we ne'er neglect, sirs ;
 Ambitious in the race to lead,
 And all that's dear protect, sirs.
 Then cheer we up, &c.

But now, another cause demands ;
 We're up, and on the alert, sirs !

With willing hearts and ready hands,
 We'll show ourselves expert, sirs.
 Then cheer we up, &c.

Cold water we have thrown so long,
 And with such good effect, sirs,
 We join with joy the temperance throng,
 Our aid you'll not reject, sirs.
 Then cheer we up, &c.

The burning draught we've drank so oft,
 We'll drink no more again, sirs;
 The false delusion, sad, but soft,
 We've burst its galling chain, sirs.
 Then cheer we up, &c.

And now, with ardent hearts and hands,
 We come to join with you, sirs;
 In the front rank to take our stands,
 The tyrant to subdue, sirs.
 Then cheer we up, &c.

Now's the Hour.

TUNE—*Scots wha hae.*

Sots, whose health and wealth have fled!
 Sots, who groan on sleepless bed,
 With fiery thirst, distracted head,
 And horror-stricken brain!—

See, the clouds of ruin lower!
 Now's the day, and now's the hour,
 To break the fell Destroyer's power—
 O, never taste again!

On the brink of ruin pause ;
 Join our noble Temperance cause ;
 Bind yourselves by wholesome laws,
 And never taste again.

By the most endearing ties,
 By your famished children's cries,
 By your wives' heart-rending sighs,
 We charge you to abstain !

March to the Battle Field.

AIR — Oft in the stillly night.

MARCH to the battle field ;
 The Foe is now before us !
 Love is our sword and shield,
 And Heaven is smiling o'er us.
 The woes and pains,
 The galling chains,
 Of Rum that kept us under,
 In deep disdain
 We've broke in twain,
 And torn each link asunder.
 March to the, &c.

Who, for his country, brave,
 Joins not against th' Invader,
 Who doth her sons enslave,
 And ruin and degrade her ?
 Our hallowed cause,
 By Kindness' laws,
 'Gainst tyrant Rum sustaining,
 We'll wear the crown
 Of true renown,
 And die the right maintaining
 March to the, &c.

The Wife's Appeal.

TUNE — *Auld lang syne.*

SHOULD auld affection be forgot,
 All drowned in Rum and Wine —
 The love that blessed our happy lot
 In days o' lang syne?
 For auld lang syne, my dear,
 For auld lang syne,
 Come take the *Pledge Tectotal*, now,
 For auld lang syne.

How happy in our early love!
 How bright each scene did shine!
 But, O, what darkening clouds and storms
 Have rose from Rum and Wine!
 For auld, &c.

In wedlock's sacred union joined,
 What blessings crowned our board!
 But, O, what floods of want and woe
 In Rum and Wine have poured!
 For auld, &c.

Still here's my hand, my husband dear
 My heart, too, still is thine:
 O, give to me your own again,
 Forsaking Rum and Wine.
 For auld, &c.

Then auld affection shall revive,
 As 'twas in auld lang syne;
 Our early, wedded love shall live,
 Restored from Rum and Wine,
 For auld, &c.

Touch not the Cup.

TUNE — *Long, long ago.*

TOUCH not the cup ; it is death to thy soul ;
 Touch not the cup, touch not the cup !
 Many I know who have quaffed from the bowl :
 Touch not the cup, touch it not.
 Little they thought that the demon was there ;
 Blindly they drank, and were caught in the
 snare :
 Then of that death-dealing bowl O beware !
 Touch not the cup, touch it not.

Touch not the cup when the wine glistens
 bright ;
 Touch not the cup, touch not the cup.
 Though like the ruby it shines in the light,
 Touch not the cup, touch it not.
 The fangs of the serpent are hid in the bowl ;
 Deeply the poison will enter thy soul :
 Soon will it plunge thee beyond thy control.
 Touch not the cup, touch it not.

Touch not the cup, young man, in thy pride ;
 Touch not the cup, touch not the cup.
 Hark to the warning of thousands who've died :
 Touch not the cup, touch it not.
 Go to their lonely and desolate tomb ;
 Think of their death, of their sorrow and gloom ;
 Think that perhaps thou may'st share in their
 doom !
 Touch not the cup, touch it not.

TOUCH not the cup ; O drink not a drop ;
 Touch not the cup, touch not the cup ;

All that thou lovest entreat thee to stop :
 Touch not the cup, touch it not.
 Stop for the home that to thee is so near ;
 Stop for thy friends that to thee are so dear ;
 Stop for thy country, the God that you fear ;
 Touch not the cup, touch it not.



Washingtonian Band.

AIR — *I see them on their winding way.*

I SEE them on their Temp'rance way ;
 About their ranks bright glories play ;
 Their joyful looks and bearing high
 Blend with the notes of victory.
 Their waving flags, and banners bright,
 Are glancing in the heavenly light ;
 The darkness of intemp'rance past,
 That brighter light is on them cast ;
 While louder, louder, louder still,
 Their song peals out a freeman's will.

Again — again — with cheerful hum
 And waving flag, they come — they come !
 Their wives and children, standing by,
 Send forth the shout of victory !
 And nearer, nearer, yet more near,
 Their temp'rance chorus greets the ear
 Brave Washingtonians are they —
 Go, meet them on their joyous way ;
 With pledge and banner, there they come ;
 O, give them here a welcome home !

The Landlord's Pet.

AIR — *There was a jolly miller once.*

O, I was once the landlord's pet,
 When I had money to spend ;
 For I spent it in drink, and did verily think
 It never would come to an end.
 But now I've nothing but rags to my back,
 And my boots won't hide my toes,
 While the crown of my hat goes flap, flip, flap,
 And just twig my rum-blossomed nose.

The landlord called me a decent fellow ;
 And O, but I was vain —
 And he got my cash, and I got his trash,
 To soak my silly brain.
 But now I've nothing, &c.

But every thing has got an end,
 And some landlords' chalks have got two ;
 And the money that bought me such great re-
 spect
 To the landlord's pocket soon flew.
 But now I've nothing, &c.

The landlord's coat is good broadcloth,
 And his pants are no worse for the wear ;
 But the landlord's coat was bought by the sot,
 And so was his wife's false hair.
 But now I've nothing, &c.

The landlord who keeps at the sign of the Bite
 Soon kicked me out of his door ;
 For landlords can tell by instinct, full well,
 When a body's confoundedly poor.
 But now I've nothing, &c.

But now I've got a sprinkling of sense,
 I'll sign^s the pledge to abstain,
 And Old Harry may cook me for a mess,
 If ever I touch rum again ;
 For I fain would have some clothes to my back.
 And boots that would hide my toes,
 And the crown of my hat shall no more flip
 flap,
 Nor rum discolor my nose.

The Drunkard's Resolve.

AIR — *Am I not fondly thine own ?*

Go, go, thou that enslavest me ;
 Now, now, thy power is o'er ;
 Long, long have I obeyed thee ;
 Now I'll not drink any more.
 No, no, no, no ;
 No, I'll not drink any more.

Thou, thou bringest me, ever,
 Deep, deep sorrow and pain ;
 Then, then, from thee I'll sever ;
 Now I'll not serve thee again.
 No, no, no, no ;
 No, I'll not serve thee again.

Rum, rum, thou hast bereft me
 Home, friends, pleasures, so sweet ;
 Now, now forever I've left thee ;
 Thou and I never shall meet.
 No, no, no, no ;
 Thou and I never shall meet

Joys, joys bright as the morning,
 Now, now on me will pour ;
 Hope, hope sweetly is dawning ;
 Now I'll not drink any more.
 No, no, no, no ;
 No, I'll not drink any more.

It will never do to give it up so.

WE'VE fought the battle very long,
 And now we'll sing a little song,
 To raise our spirits, getting low,
 For it won't do to give it up so :
 It will never do to give it up so ;
 It will never do to give it up so ;
 It will never do to give it up so ; O no !
 It will never do to give it up so.

We've had a hard, a lengthy race ;
 We still keep on that same old pace ;
 So long as rum shall lay men low,
 It will not do to give it up so :
 It will never do to give it up so, &c.

We've met misfortunes on our way,
 But they have failed our course to stay ;
 We still keep moving on the track,
 And never think of turning back :
 For 'twill never do, &c.

'Tis true we've lost some one or two,
 Who couldn't keep from getting blue ;
 But now's the time to start them along,
 And sing to them the words of the song,
 It will never do to give it up so, &c

There's plenty of work for us to do
 In bringing men to life anew ;
 Then don't hang back, but lend a hand,
 And drive the rum away from the land.
 It will never do to give it up so, &c.

If you are poor and in distress,
 The pledge is sure your home to bless :
 Then cheer your heart, give us your hand,
 And come and join the temperance band.
 For 'twill never do, &c.

If you have tumbled off the track,
 Have broke your pledge, and on your back,
 Don't give it up, but try again ;
 Then sign once more, and still be a man.
 It will never do to give it up so, &c.

To those who sell the liquor too,
 We have a word to say to you :
 Better away your liquor throw,
 For we will never give it up so.
 It will never do to give it up so, &c.

We've tried it hard, we've tried it long,
 We've had the speech, we've had the song ;
 We've tried the mouth, we've tried the pen ;
 If that won't do, we'll try them again :
 For 'twill never do, &c.

But now, if hope should ever sink
 That we shall kill the fiery drink,
 And whether weak or whether strong,
 Just cast a thought on this old song.
 It will never do to give it up so, &c.

The Washingtonian Call.

TUNE — When I can read my title clear.

COME, join the Washingtonians,
 Ye young men bold and strong ;
 And with a proud and cheerful zeal,
 Come, help the cause along :
 O, that will be joyful, joyful, joyful ;
 O, that will be joyful, when young men drink
 no more,
 When young men drink no more :
 'Tis then we'll sing, and offerings bring,
 When young men drink no more.

Come, join the Washingtonians,
 Ye men of riper years,
 And save your wives and children dear
 From want and bitter fears :
 O, that will be joyful, joyful, joyful ;
 O, that will be joyful, when strong men drink
 no more,
 When strong men drink no more :
 'Tis then we'll sing, and offerings bring,
 When strong men drink no more.

Come, join the Washingtonians,
 Ye men of hoary heads,
 And end your days where temperance
 Its peaceful influence sheds :
 O, that will be joyful, joyful, joyful ;
 O, that will be joyful, when old men drink no
 more,
 When old men drink no more :
 'Tis then we'll sing, and offerings bring,
 When old men drink no more.

Come, join the Washingtonians,
 Ye dames and maidens fair,
 And breathe around us, in our path,
 Affection's hallowed air :

O, that will be joyful, joyful, joyful ;
 O, that will be joyful, when woman cheers us on,
 When woman cheers us on, to conquests not
 yet won ;

'Tis then we'll sing, and offerings bring,
 When woman cheers us on.

Come, join the Washingtonians,
 Ye who distil and sell
 The poison that destroys the health,
 And brings the fatal spell :

O, that will be joyful, joyful, joyful ;
 O, that will be joyful, when the STILL is worked
 no more, —

When the STILL is worked no more, in all our
 happy shore ;

'Tis then we'll sing, and offerings bring,
 When the STILL is worked no more.

Come, join the Washingtonians,
 Ye sons and daughters, all,
 Of this our own America,
 Come at the friendly call :

O, that will be joyful, joyful, joyful ;
 O, that will be joyful, when all shall proudly
 say, —

When all shall proudly say, " Away the bowl,
 away ; "

'Tis then we'll sing, and offerings bring,
 When all shall own our sway.

The Pledge.

TUNE — *The poachers.*

ONCE more our Temperance banner out
 Upon the breeze we throw ;
 Beneath its folds, with song and shout,
 Let's charge upon the foe ; —
 For our Temperance pledge we'll give three
 cheers,
 And reform the inebriate too ; —
 For with the pledge we know no fears,
 With our Temperance pledge so true ;
 O, the Temperance pledge so true, my
 friends ;
 Come, sign our pledge so true.

Then, brothers, rise and rally round
 The Temperance pledge so true,
 Until its fame, with trumpet sound,
 Shall wake the welkin blue ;
 And the reformed, with joyful cries,
 Sing its praise as they arise ;
 For the holy cause of joys all new,
 Is keeping the pledge so true ;
 O, the Temperance pledge, &c

When no more the inebriates fall,
 Nor to Alcohol bend the knee,
 But, signing in the crowded hall,
 Proclaim that they are free, —
 We hear their burning accents fall,
 As they tell of woes gone through ;
 And with thankful hearts again we call,
 Come, sign our pledge so true :
 CHORUS. — O, the Temperance pledge, &c.

Then let the Temperance banner float,
 To the sunshine and the blast,
 Till Victory sounds her bugle note,
 The din of battle past ; —
 No better cause can lead us on,
 High on its folds of blue,
 Than redeeming souls by rum held down,
 With our Temperance pledge so true ;
 CHORUS. — O, the Temperance pledge, &c.

Work on.

TUNE — *My Bible leads to glory*

THE Temperance ball's in motion,
 The Temperance ball's in motion,
 The Temperance ball's in motion,
 Throughout the old Bay State :
 Sing on, work on, true-hearted Washingtonians ;
 Sing on, work on, ye signers of the pledge.

And now we'll keep it rolling, &c.,
 Till all shall be reformed :
 Sing on, &c.

We'll disappoint the trafficker, &c.,
 In selling of his rum :
 Sing on, &c.

We'll have a shout in Boston, &c.,
 When rum is sold no more :
 Sing on, &c.

The Wife's Rejoicing.

TUNE — *There's nae luck about the house.*

AND are ye sure the news is true,
 And are ye sure he's signed?
 I can't believe the joyful tale,
 And leave my fears behind;
 If John has signed, and drinks no more,
 The happiest wife am I
 That ever swept a cottage hearth,
 Or sung a lullaby!
 For there's nae luck about the house,
 There's nae luck at a',
 And gane's the comfort o' the house,
 Since he to drink did fa'.

Whose eye so kind, whose hand so strong,
 Whose love so true will shine,
 If he has bent his heart and hand
 The total pledge to sign;
 But what puts doubting in my head?
 I trust he'll taste no more;
 Be still, be still, my beating heart;
 Hark! hark! he's at the door;
 For there's nae luck, &c.

And blessings on the helping hands,
 That send him back to me;
 Haste, haste, ye little ones, and run
 Your father's face to see;
 And are you sure, my John, you've signed?
 And are you sure 'tis past?
 Then mine's the happiest, brightest home
 On temperance shores at last

There's been nae luck about the house ;
 But now 'tis comfort a' !
 And Heaven preserve my ain gudeman,
 That he may never fa'.

Washingtonian Call.

BY H. S. S.

TUNE — Sinner, come to Jesus.

COME now, my old companions,
 And be true Washingtonians ;
 Come along, come along ;
 Now here's our heart and hand ;
 We will journey on together,
 In a Washingtonian band.

Come now, bold-hearted fellows,
 Desert the tyrant's colors ;
 Come along, &c.

Come, leave that long lamented,
 That crooked path frequented ;
 Come along, &c.

Come, leave your Rum and Brandy,
 Your bottle, that's so handy :
 Come along, &c.

Resolve ! I will not be a sot ,
 I'll touch, taste, and handle not ;
 Come along, &c.

We'll have a year of jubilee,
 When from the tyrant we are free ;
 Come along, &c.

You will see.

You will see the Washingtonians,
 You will see the Washingtonians,
 You will see the Washingtonians,

In the old grog-shops,
 With a band of music,
 With a band of music,
 With a band of music,
 That will charm the drunkard's ear.

They will bring their pledges with them, &c
 To the old grog-shops,
 With a band of music, &c.
 How they'll sound it through the air .

They'll awake all the drunkards, &c.
 In the old grog-shops,
 With a band of music, &c.
 That will cause them all to sign.

You will see the sots a-marching, &c.
 From the old grog-shops,
 With a band of music, &c.
 Hear it sounding through the air

There will be a dreadful raving, &c.
 At the old grog-shops,
 When a band of music, &c.
 Shall be sounding through the air.

O rumsellers, you will tremble, &c.
 In your old grog-shops,
 When a band of music, &c.
 Shall be sounding in your ears.

You will call in vain for custom, &c.

From your old grog-shops,
When a band of drunkards, &c.
Shall sign to drink no more.

There will be a great rejoicing, &c.

When the old grog-shops
Shall be deserted, &c.
And the curse is sold no more.

We will then be Washingtonians, &c.

A true and happy band,
And one great jubilee, &c.
We'll have throughout our land.

God speed that glorious era —

The temperance jubilee —
When a band of music, &c.
Shall proclaim it through the land !



Drink ! the Water drink !

TUNE — *Boatmen, dance.*

ANOTHER song we'll sing to you —

The same old story, nothing new —

Of those who get so awful blue,

They don't know what on earth to do,

But drink — the liquor drink —

But drink — the liquor drink.

They drink all night, till broad daylight,

And are all-dead drunk in the morning.

CHORUS. — High, O ! the drunkards go, } *Re-*
Falling away like melting snow. } *peat.*

The drunkards dance, the drunkards sing,
 The drunkards drink their brandy sling;
 But we can quaff a sweeter bowl,
 And still be merry, cheek by jowl:
 Then drink — the water drink;
 Then drink — the water drink;
 While we can drink cold water pure,
 We'll never sup your brandy.

High, O! the drunkards go, &c.

The drunkards, when they have a *high*,
Low in the ditch, or corner, lie;
 But we will drink, and never fall,
 Nor even in the gutter sprawl:
 Then drink — the water drink;
 Then drink — the water drink;
 We'll drink, and eat, and sleep so sweet,
 And up in the morning early.

High, O! the drunkards go, &c.

The drunkards curse, the drunkards swear,
 And for their rum-is all their care;
 They drink up all the rum they get,
 But we will drink cold water yet:
 Then drink — the water drink;
 Then drink — the water drink;
 While we can drink cold water pure,
 We'll never sup your brandy.

High, O! the drunkards go, &c.

The drunkard goes home cross at night —
 He scolds his wife, and has a fight;
 And when he rises from his bed,
 O dear! O dear! his aching head —

Then drink — the water drink ;
 Then drink — the water drink ;
 We'll drink, and eat, and slumber sweet,
 And up in the morning early :
 High O! — the drunkards go, &c.

The drunkard, he spends all his cash ;
 His credit 's lost, and soon he'll smash ;
 The poorhouse takes the man and wife,
 And that's the end of a drunkard's life :
 Then drink — the water drink ;
 Then drink — the water drink ;
 We'll save our gold till we are old,
 And then we'll all enjoy it ;
 High O! the drunkards go, &c.

But times have changed ; now, in our day,
 The drunkards turn the other way ;
 They leave their rum, and sign the pledge,
 And keep the right side of the hedge :
 Then drink — the water drink ;
 Then drink — the water drink ;
 The drunkards leave their brandy shops,
 And turn to the living fountain ;
 High O! the drunkards go, &c.

The toddy-stick is rusting out ;
 The tapster, he has got the gout ;
 He'll soon have nothing else to do
 But sign the pledge and start anew :
 Then come — and sign the pledge ;
 Then come — and sign the pledge ;
 And "life anew and temperance too,"
 Shall forever be our motto ;
 High O! the drunkards go, &c.

The Cold Water Pledge.

THE teetotallers are coming,
 The teetotallers are coming,
 The teetotallers are coming,
 With the Cold Water Pledge :
 We are a band of freemen ;
 We are a band of freemen ;
 We are a band of freemen ;
 Hear us sounding through the land.

We have the foe o'ertaken,
 And we will the land awaken ;
 Stand firmly and unshaken
 To the Cold Water Pledge :
 We are a band of freemen, &c.

We will save our sisters, brothers,
 Our fathers, sons, and mothers,
 Our neighbors, and all others,
 With the Cold Water Pledge :
 We are a band of freemen, &c.

We will stop the curse of 'stilling
 Alcoholic drink for killing,
 And all fermented swilling,
 With the Cold Water Pledge :
 We are a band of freemen, &c.

Then come, ye jolly tillers,
 Priests, doctors, lawyers, 'stillers,
 Come, jug and bottle fillers,
 Take the Cold Water Pledge :
 We are a band of freemen, &c.

Come, all ye drunken bruisers,
 And ye moderate dram excusers,
 Ye wine and bitters users,
 Take the Cold Water Pledge :
 We are a band of freemen, &c.

Huzza for reformation,
 By all in every station,
 Throughout this wide creation,
 With the Cold Water Pledge :
 We are a band of freemen, &c.

May no evil e'er betide us,
 To sever or divide us,
 But the God of mercy guide us,
 With the Cold Water Pledge :
 We are a band of freemen, &c.



The Blessings of Temperance.

TUNE — The Lord into his garden comes.

WHEN temperance in our midst doth come,
 And banishes the fumes of rum,
 Then all around doth thrive ;
 The old and young its blessings share,
 While from their homes it drives all care,
 And peace and joy revive.

It takes the drunkard from the ground,
 And makes him in good deeds abound,
 A useful man become ;
 His children saved from numerous woes ;
 His wife no longer sorrow knows ;
 But happy is his home.

The happy period soon will come,
 When men shall all be free from rum,
 And not a drunkard live ;
 The widow's tears of anguish dried ;
 Her helpless children's wants supplied ;
 Soon may the time arrive.

Come, brethren, ye who wish to see
 Your fellow-men from bondage free,
 Be zealous, and speed on ;
 Be faithful, prudent, active all ;
 And soon the tyrant foe will fall ;
 Our work will then be done.

Come, friends and neighbors, one and all,
 Come, old and young ; come, great and small ;
 Come, join us, and be free ;
 Unto our pledge enrol your name,
 And faithful live up to the same,
 And happy you will be.

The worst of drunkards here may find
 Companions merciful and kind,
 Who will their wants relieve ;
 Yes, here's our heart, and here's our hand,
 To welcome you to join our band,
 And with us temperate live.

Joy and Gladness.

TUNE — *Franconia.*

WE come, with joy and gladness,
 To breathe our notes of praise,
 Nor let one note of sadness
 Be mingled with our lays ;

For 'tis a hallowed story,
 This theme of freedom's birth ;
 Our fathers' deeds of glory
 Are echoed round the earth.

But late, a furious demon
 Has sought to bring us low,
 To take away our freedom,
 And spread disease and woe ;
 But may our sons grow stronger,
 And drive him from our shore,
 And may his power no longer
 Oppress our nation sore.

And then shall sink the mountains,
 Where his proud name was crowned,
 And peace, like gentle fountains,
 Shall shed its blessings round ;
 His wild and mad oppression
 Shall then have passed away,
 And man shall gain possession
 Of one eternal day.

Take Courage.

TUNE — *Calvary.*

FROM the mountain top and valley,
 See! the banner streaming high!
 While the sons of freedom rally
 To the widow's lonely cry,
 Sisters, weeping,
 Bid us to the rescue fly.

Could we hear the mother pleading,
 Heaven relief would quickly send ;
 Can we see our country bleeding,
 Still refuse our aid to lend ?
 No ! dread monster,
 Here thy triumph soon shall end.

Must we see the drunkard reeling
 (Void of reason) to the grave ?
 Where's the heart so dead to feeling,
 Who would not the wanderer save ?
 God of mercy,
 'Tis thy blessing now we crave.

Dearest Savior, O, relieve us, —
 Unto thee we humbly bow, —
 Let that fiend no more deceive us ;
 Grant thy loving favor now ;
 While against him
 Here we pledge a sacred vow.

Now the trump of temp'rance sounding,
 Rouse ! ye freemen ! why delay ?
 Let your voices, all resounding,
 Welcome on the happy day,
 When that tyrant
 Must resign his cruel sway.

Nor again shall he molest us,
 (Though he has oppressed us sore,)
 Nor his poisonous breath infest us ;
 Soon we'll drive him from our shore ;
 All uniting,
 Shout — the monster's reign is o'er.

I am a Temperance Man.

BY JOHN F. COLES.

TUNE — *Miss Bundy's Wedding*

O, I am a Temperance man,
 And my heart is filled with glee,
 For I've signed the Temperance pledge,
 And from Alcohol I'm free :
 I'll never touch or taste
 The poisoned cup again ;
 From all that can intoxicate
 Forever I'll abstain ;
 For I am a Temperance man, &c.

Since I put my name to the pledge,
 The pimples have left my nose,
 And, instead of having rags to my back,
 I now have plenty of clothes :
 I once had but one meal a day,
 And sometimes I got none ;
 But now, although I always eat three,
 Yet in debt I never run ;
 For I am, &c.

When I drank rum, the pretty girls
 With me could not agree ;
 But now I stick to the Temp'rance pledg
 And they all stick to me :
 Once people all looked black at me,
 And called me drunken Jake ;
 But now they touch their hats, and say,
 Your servant, Mr. Blake ;
 For I am, &c.

Then haste ye, all, and quickly sign
 Our pledge of liberty,
 And break the chains of Alcohol,
 And be forever free :
 Then gather round your social hearth,
 And hymns of gladness sing,
 For Alcohol's at last dethroned,
 And is no longer king.

For we are Temperance men,
 And our hearts are filled with glee ;
 We all have signed the Temperance pledg
 And from Alcohol we're free.



Farewell to Barley Bree.

TUNE — *Bonny Doon.* L. M'D. R.

REFUSE not, Lord, thy strength to lend
 Thy weary creature, weak and frail,
 But grant me faith like Jacob's, when
 He sought thee in the lonely vale ;
 And on thy "book of life," I'll give
 This solemn, sacred pledge to thee,
 That, with thy help, I'll no more live
 The abject slave of *barley bree*.

Ah ! vain is man — and vain was I —
 And all in vain, indeed, are they,
 Who, *self-relying*, bid him fly,
 And think the tempter will obey —
 But from thee, Lord, I will not part,
 Till thou alone hast set me free,
 And bid each sinful wish depart,
 With the vile love of *barley bree*.

Sincerely, truly, do I then
 Upon thy graciousness recline ;
 And though I seem as other men,
 May I, in truth, be wholly thine,
 And on thy sacred book I'll give
 This meek and solemn vow to thee,
 That, with thy help, I'll ever live
 The constant foe of *barley bree*.

Get out the Way.

TUNE — *Old Dan Tucker.*

COME, all ye who're fond of singing,
 Let us set a song to ringing ;
 Sound the chorus, strong and hearty,
 And we'll make a jovial party.

CHORUS — Get out the way — [*Symphony.*]
 Get out the way — [*Symphony.*]
 Get out the way with your liquor ;
 We've a drink a great deal slicker.

Some love rum, and some love brandy,
 And some drink whate'er comes handy,
 But we'll lump it in a body,
 And we'll call it all Sir Toddy.
 Get out the way, &c.

He who drinks cold water only
 Ne'er will leave his fireside lonely ;
 But his home a happy place is,
 With its cleanly, smiling faces.
 Get out the way, &c.

Toddy steals a man's good feelings ;
 He's a rogue in all his dealings,
 Smirks and smiles until he's bound you,
 Then, O crackee ! how he'll pound you !
 Get out the way, &c.

All who wish for homes to bless them,
 All who wish for girls to kiss them —
 Hark ! while soberness is o'er us,
 Here's the song, and here's the chorus.
 Get out the way, &c.

Time was once, when every body
 Drank his gin or brandy toddy ;
 But a new reform 's beginning ;
 Drinking liquor now is sinning.
 Get out the way, &c.

Then we used to all get merry —
 Drunk on rum, and tipped on sherry ;
 Now we've one as sweet as honey,
 Without price, and without money.
 Get out the way, &c.

Rum, it makes the botheration,
 Deadens all the circulation,
 Kills the soul and kills the body ;
 All is done by drinking toddy.
 Get out the way, &c.

True, it once did men bamboozle ;
 With temptations it did foozle ;
 Boast you may, that you *have* done it ;
 We've reformed, and you can't come it.
 Get out the way, &c.

Now, my friends, come stop your drinking ;
 Health is gone, your fortune sinking ;
 Come, and own that you're mistaken ;
 Sign the pledge, and save your bacon.
 Get out the way, &c.



The sorrowing Rumseller.

BY JOHN F. COLES.

Written for O. E. Dodge, Esq., and sung by him with
 immense applause at the Marlboro' Chapel.

TUNE — *The Indian hunter.*

WHY does the Teetotaller follow my path ?
 O, why doth he war on me ?
 Doth my beggarly business awaken his wrath ?
 Doth he envy my misery ?
 There are rogues and thieves,
 Like autumn leaves,
 That over our country are strown ;
 On these let him war
 With the arm of the law,
 And leave the rumseller alone.
 O, O, O, O, &c.

Then why should he come
 To my old bar-room,
 And bother me night and day ?
 How dare he molest
 My rumselling nest,
 And steal all my patrons away ?
 O, O, O, O, &c.

Mankind have received from their heavenly Sire
 Cold water from fountain and rill,
 And the rumseller giveth the water of fire,
 That flows from the worm of the still.

The rogue of each grade
 Must follow his trade,
 And why shouldn't I follow mine?
 In spite of the law,
 I'll cram down your maw
 My rum, brandy, whisky, and wine.
 O, O, O, O, &c.

Then back, go back.
 From the rumseller's track,
 For his heart grows hard and tough,
 To think there are those
 Who now are his foes,
 Who once bought his poisonous stuff.
 O, O, O, O, &c.

The Temperance Cause.

TUNE — *Will you go.*

THE TEMP'RANCE CAUSE is going on!
 Going on! going on!
 In the dear name of WASHINGTON —
 Going on! going on!
 The glorious cause, so pure and great,
 Like rising sun, is melting night,
 And groping nations seek the light —
 Going on! going on!
 The kings and princes on the throne,
 Urge it on! urge it on!
 The brightest vict'ry ever won!
 Urge it on! urge it on!
 The high, the low, the rich, the poor,
 The male, the female, great, obscure,
 And children, swifter than before,
 Urge it on! urge it on!

There is a pledge in heaven above ;
 Angels sign — angels sign !
 It is the bond of perfect love ;
 Angels sign — angels sign !
 There is a pledge on earth the same —
 It binds the hearts, with mutual flame,
 To rid mankind of sin and shame.
 Pledge divine — pledge divine !

Then 'tis no wonder that this cause
 Widely spreads — widely spreads !
 So pure its origin and laws,
 Widely spreads — widely spreads !
 Then, scoffer, no more scoff at this ;
 An enemy to another's peace,
 Thou art opposed to endless bliss !
 Sign the pledge — sign the pledge

Come, those who would reformers be,
 Sign the pledge — sign the pledge !
 True patterns of sobriety,
 Sign the pledge — sign the pledge !
 Come, then, forsake the foul disgrace,
 And be a blessing to your race ;
 Come, at this time, and in this place,
 Sign the pledge — sign the pledge !

How happy are they.

How happy are they
 Who their conscience obey,
 And bow down to the dictates of truth !
 They escape from the pains
 Of Intemperance's chains,
 The excesses and follies of youth.

They travel on high,
 In a fulness of joy,
 While the storms gather under their feet ;
 And the tyrant of man
 Can succeed in no plan
 That will render his efforts complete.

How happy are they
 Who their conscience obey,
 And attend to the whispers of peace !
 They find, to their joy,
 As their time they employ,
 That their virtue and strength shall increase

Though drunkards may rage,
 And their forces engage
 To reduce them to bondage again,
 They trust in that Power,
 Who is thankful and sure,
 To protect them from sorrow and pain.

How happy are they
 Who their conscience obey,
 And give to the suffering relief !
 A reward they will find,
 From the faithful and kind,
 A protection from sorrow and grief.

They soon shall behold
 Both the young and the old
 Flocking home to the standard of peace ;
 And while nations shall stand,
 The brave temperance band
 Shall in strength, as in numbers, increase.

Cheer up, my lively Lads !

O, WHAT has made the grog men sigh,
And sadly hang so low their heads ?
Their customers no more will buy,
And Alcohol is almost dead.

Then cheer up, my lively lads,
In spite of rum and cider —
Then cheer up, my lively lads,
We'll sign the pledge together.

Hurrah, my lads, we're coming on !
They're shaking now within their shoes ;
The rum heads now most all are gone ;
They soon will have no more to lose.
Then cheer up, &c.

We're building forts all round the town,
And guns in plenty we have got ;
We'll batter all the rum-holes down,
For only freemen aim the shot.
Then cheer up, &c.

Then shout, my lads ! give three loud cheers .
Hurrah — hurrah — hurrah, away !
The rascal 's dead ! We'll shed some tears ;
But that we'll do some other day.
Then cheer up, &c.

The ladies, all, will, to a man,
Turn out, and help us onward too ;
And every one do all she can
To help the noble cause quite through.
Then cheer up, &c.

The grog men think that we are weak,
 And that our feeble hands are few;
 In thunder tones we soon will speak—
 Ten thousand in each hardy crew.
 Then cheer up, &c.

They've stood their ground quite long enough;
 Now Corporal Gin, and Captain Rum,
 And every other filthy stuff,
 Will shortly have to cut and run.
 Then cheer up, &c.



The Temperance Star.

TUNE — *Watchman, tell us of the night.*

WATCHMAN! tell us of the night —
 What its signs of promise are :
 Traveller! o'er yon mountain's height,
 See that glorious Temperance star!
 Watchman! does its beauteous ray
 Aught of hope or joy foretell?
 Traveller! yes; it brings the day,
 Wrested from the tyrant's spell.

Watchman! tell us of the night —
 Higher yet that star ascends :
 Traveller! blessedness and light,
 Peace and truth, its course portends .
 Watchman! will its beams alone
 Gild the spot that gave them birth?
 Traveller! ages are its own;
 See! it bursts o'er all the earth!

What can the Matter be ?

TUNE — O dear, what can the matter be ?

THE Washington boys are playing the dickens,
The night of confusion around us now thick-
ens ;

Unless the rum business with some of us quick-
ens,

We shall have to cut with our rum :

And it's O dear, what can the matter be ?

Dear, dear, what can the matter be ?

What have they done with my jolly old cus-
tomers ?

What shall I do with my rum ?

I used to grow rich through the toiling me-
chanic,

Who spent all his earnings in pleasures Sa-
tanic ;

But now, I confess, I am in a great panic,

Because I can sell no more rum :

And it's O dear, &c.

My customers once to my bar-room came flock-
ing,

Some without coat, or a shoe, or a stocking ;

But now, I declare, it really is shocking —

I cannot dispose of my rum :

And it's O dear, &c.

I once clothed in satin my wife and my daugh-
ter ;

But now they wear calico ; what is the matter ?

They've left off my rum for the sake of cold
water —

O, what shall I do with my rum?
And it's O dear, &c.

I'll tell you, I'll quit the business no use to me;
It's been a continued source of abuse to me;
The friends of Temperance I hope will stick
close to me,
So soon as I give up my rum :

And it's O dear, what can the matter be?
Dear, dear, what can the matter be?
Good by, my rum-drinking customers;
I vow, I will sell no more rum.

A Life of Temperance.

BY CHARLES MARSH.

TUNE — *Life on the ocean wave.*

A LIFE of temperance,	} <i>Re- peat.</i>
And a home of peace and joy,	
Where bounteous blessings dwell,	
And love without alloy!	
Like a stricken bird I pined,	
When the rosy wine did rule,	
An aching head was mine,	
And reason never cool:	
A life of temperance,	
And a home of peace and joy,	
Where bounteous blessings dwell,	
And love without alloy:	
And love, and love, and love without alloy;	
And love, and love, and love without alloy.	

The nights in revelry,
 And the days in foolishness, } *Re-*
 Were always spent by me, } *peat.*
 With no one near to bless ;
 My aching heart would throb,
 My burning brain would reel,
 My fevered hand would shake
 Like the warrior's glistening steel :
 A life of temperance, &c.

But now I've signed the pledge,
 And meet with no reproof ; } *Re-*
 With blessings I am crowned, } *peat.*
 Beneath this Temperance roof ;
 Then give a glorious shout ;
 Let the bells be merrily rung ;
 The " Monster's " lease is out,
 And his death-dirge we have sung :
 A life of temperance, &c.



Temperance universal.

TUNE — From Greenland's icy mountains.

O'ER Mexic's bounding billow —
 O'er Plymouth's icy strand,
 Where the pilgrim erst did pillow
 His head on freedom's land —
 Where Hudson's wave is flowing —
 Where Alleghanies rise,
 The temperance flag is flowing,
 Beneath the smiling skies.

Where Erin's shamrock sparkles —
 Where England wears her rose —
 And where the wild pine darkles
 Above the Alpine snows —
 In cot and princely dwelling,
 Where'er the sun has beamed —
 A thousand tongues are swelling
 The song of the redeemed.

On lands so long benighted,
 Where the inebriate hurled
 His curses, till, affrighted;
 Peace left a groaning world,
 The star of Temperance, beaming
 From centre to the pole,
 Shall, o'er our altars gleaming,
 A sea of glory roll.



Temperance Fame.

Written by Ossian E. Dodge, and sung, with rapturous
 applause, by Messrs. Covert and Dodge, at their con-
 certs, at Marlboro' Chapel, Boston.

AIR — Alpine Horn.

ALL hail, this night, the cause we'll sing ;
 Of the Temp'rance fame proud be the name ;
 May it cause the temp'rance halls to ring ;
 Tra la la la, la la la, la la la, la :
 We'll give our hand to the Temperance Band,
 And cause all hearts to rejoice ;
 We'll help the cause of the temp'rance boys,
 And spread our temp'rance joys :
 All hail, this night, &c.

Proudly waves our flag o'er the temperance
band,

For it is our pride, by each other's side,
To see that our banner waves o'er the land.

Tra la la la, la la la, la la la la.

Let us all unite in the glorious fight,
To turn all the toppers from ruin ;
And when they reform from drinking rum,
To the temp'rance halls they'll come.

All hail this night, &c.

When the war is o'er, and the victory won,
With a cheerful wife we will pass our life,
And happy we'll be at our temp'rance home.

Tra la la la, la la la, la la la la.

It shall be our delight, as we pass each night,
With our little ones on our knee,
'To tell of the wars in the temp'rance cause,
And tell of our victory.

All hail this night, &c.

The Temperance Reform.

TUNE — *The morning light is breaking.*

A GLORIOUS day is breaking
Upon our sinful earth ;
Our land to life is waking,
With shouts of joy and mirth ;
Our army is preparing
To meet the rising sun,
On all its banners bearing
The name of WASHINGTON !

We meet to-day in gladness
 As moves our host along,
 No note of painful sadness
 Is mingled with our song.
 This day, renowned in story, —
 The day of Freedom's birth, —
 We hail in all its glory ;
 We highly prize its worth.

The temp'rance flag is waving
 O'er valley, hill, and plain,
 Where ocean's sons are braving
 The dangers of the main ;
 The pledge, the pledge is given
 To float on every breeze ;
 Waft it, propitious Heaven !
 O'er all the earth and seas.

Our cause, our cause is gaining
 New laurels every day ;
 The youthful mind we're training
 To walk in virtue's way ;
 Old age, and sturdy manhood,
 Are with us heart and hand —
 Then let us, all united,
 In one firm phalanx stand.

The Joyful Wife.

BY CHARLES D. LINCOLN.

TUNE — *Flow gently, sweet Afton.*

Flow gently, thou tear-drop, down woman's fair
 cheek ;
 Thou tellest of joys that the tongue cannot speak ;
 Full many a tear of sorrow she's shed —
 Full often enough has her wounded heart bled ;

But now she weeps that the lost has returned,
And pillowed his head on the bosom that burned
With the flame of affection she could not restrain,
For he that was dead now liveth again.

The hearth once deserted, and cheerless, and cold,
Now witnesseth beauty and love as of old ;
The altar now smokes with devotion's pure flame,
And incense ascends to the Deity's name.
The peace and contentment pervading the mind
Is as calm and as sweet as summer's soft wind ;
Pure faith and bright hope, like twin sisters,
stand,
Pointing the way to the blest spirit-land.

The Inebriate's Lament.

TUNE — *Long, long ago.*

WHERE are the friends that to me were so dear,
Long, long ago — long, long ago ?
Where are the hopes that my heart used to cheer,
Long, long ago — long ago ?
Friends that I loved in the grave are laid low —
Hopes that I cherished have fled from me now —
I am degraded, for rum was my foe —
Long, long ago — long ago.

Sadly my wife bowed her beautiful head —
Long, long ago — long, long ago.
O, how I wept when I knew she was dead !
Long, long ago — long ago.
She was an angel — my love and my guide —
Vainly to save me from ruin she tried ;
Poor broken heart ! it was well that she died —
Long, long ago — long ago.

Let me look back on the days of my youth —

Long, long ago — long, long ago.

I was no stranger to virtue and truth,

Long, long ago — long ago.

O for the hopes that were pure as the day !

O for the joys that were purer than they!

O for the hours that I've squandered away!

Long, long ago — long ago.

We're all a grinning.

Written, and sung with universal applause, by Mr. Dodge,
at the principal concerts given by Covert and Dodge,
in New York and Boston.

TUNE — *We're all a nodding.*

THE landlord so polite, when he sees you coming in,

A jingling of the pennies, then he'll begin to grin ;

But I'll tell you what it is, in such temperate times
as these, [ease.

'Their grinning's very small, and they have to sit at

We're all a grinning, grin, grin, grinning;

We're all a grinning our way through the world.

The baby, when it cries, it will its mother tease,

But when it starts a grin, why then it does her please;

So the mother being pleased, why she's a grinning
too, [nothing else to do.

And they both set up a grinning, 'cause they've

We're all a grinning, &c.

And the child, when it grows up, for fear 'twill be a
fool.

She'll wash its little face, and send it off to school ;

And when the child is laden with grief and heavy
woes,

Drop in its hand a penny, and a grinning off it goes.

We're all a grinning, &c.

The girls, when they're acquainted with a very nice
 young beau,
 They'll come up with a grin, and say, How do you do?
 And with a modest grin, — You may come next
 Sunday night.
 So a grinning off he goes, a thinking 'tis all right.
 We're all a grinning, &c.

When Sunday night does come, he with his fine
 starched collar,
 A grinning off he goes, and finds her in the parlor;
 And just as like as not he then will find her singing;
 But when they both do meet, they set up such a
 grinning.
 We're all a grinning, &c.

And now, with these inducements, with ladies all
 so fine,
 It really is a shame that you don't come up and sign;
 We have persevering officers, and they are always
 willing
 To do all that they can to keep us all a grinning.
 We're all a grinning, &c.

We've singers, male and female, and speakers all
 on hand;
 The temperance society, it is a happy band;
 The ladies, with their sparkling eyes, when they
 stand up a singing,
 Will look toward their pretty beaux, and keep us
 all a grinning.
 We're all a grinning, &c.

So let us go ahead, a pushing on the ball,
 Till happiness and peace does find its way to all;
 And let us keep a grinning, till we grin the tyrant
 down;
 Then we'll all go to work, and we'll grin him out
 of town.
 We're all a grinning, &c.

Where does the Blame lie?

O, PITY me, lady ; I'm hungry and cold —
Should I all my sorrows to you unfold,
I'm sure your kind breast with compassion would
flame ;

My father's a drunkard — *but I'm not to blame.*

My mother's consumptive, and soon will depart —
Her sorrows and trials have broken her heart —
My poor little sisters are starving ! O, shame !
Our father's a drunkard — *but we're not to blame.*

Time was, we were happy, with plenty and peace,
And every day saw our pleasures increase ;
O, then with what kindness we'd lisp forth his name !
But now he's a drunkard — *yet we're not to blame.*

Time was, when each morning, around the fireside,
Our sire in the midst like a saint would preside,
And kneel, and for blessings would call on God's
name —

But now he's a drunkard — *but we're not to blame.*

Our father then loved us, and all was delight,
Until he partook of this withering blight,
And sunk his poor family in misery and shame —
O yes, he's a drunkard — *but we're not to blame.*

My poor, dying mother, must she feel the scorn ?
Must she be forsaken, to perish forlorn ?
O grief ! when we call on that affectionate name,
I might well ask the world — *can that saint be to blame ?*

My sisters, poor orphans ! O, what have they done ?
Why should you neglect them, or why will you shun ?
Let not foul disgrace be attached to their name —
Though their father's a drunkard — *they are not to blame.*

A Song for Tea-Parties.

BY A. J. LOCKE.

TUNE—*Belshazzar is king.*

COLD WATER is king, cold water is lord,
And a thousand bright faces now smile at his board ;
Fruits glisten, flowers blossom, and beauty is here,
And the stream that God giveth is joyous and clear
Gay dancers are here, and a plenty of mirth,
And the fair of creation, that cheer us on earth ;
And the crowd all shout, and the crowd all sing,
All praise to cold water, cold water our king !
All praise to cold water, our king !

Bring forth, cries the monarch, the vessels of gold.
Which our fathers all drank from — our fathers of old
Bring forth, let us drink while the trumpet is blown
That sounds the shrill death-note of misery's home
Bring forth ! and before us the vessels all shine ;
But we bow not to Bacchus, nor drink the dark wine ;
While the trumpets bray, and the cymbals ring,
All praise to cold water, cold water our king !
All praise to cold water, cold water our king !

Now, what cometh ? Look ! without menace or call,
Who writes with the lightning's bright hand on the
wall ?

What pierceth KING ALCOHOL, like the point of a
dart ?

What drives the bold blood from his cheek to his
heart ?

Teetotal magicians the letters expound —

'They are read — and the monster lies dead on the
ground !

And now we come on a conqueror's wing,
Singing praise to cold water ! cold water is king !
Singing praise to cold water ! cold water is king !

Song of the Redeemed.

BY P. H. SWEETSER.

TUNE — *Long, long ago.*

JOYFUL the season, and blest was the hour,
 When, long ago, long, long ago,
 We broke from the tyrant's dominion and power,
 Long, long ago, long ago !
 Farewell to the days of our sorrow and shame —
 The Pledge has redeemed us — the tidings pro-
 claim —

Let earth swell the chorus of praise to thy name !
 Glo-ri-a Pa-tri — below !

Husbands, and wives, and children, rejoice ;
 All happy now — happy now !
 Join in the chorus with heart and with voice —
 All happy now — happy now !
 Old Bacchus is spoiled of his magical charm ,
 The wine-god of revels no more shall alarm —
 Then join in the chorus with hearts ever warm ;
 All happy now — happy now !

Blessings attend us, and peace from on high ;
 Gladness for woe — joy for woe !
 Angels repeat the glad song from the sky —
 Gladness for woe — joy for woe !
 The Pledge shall protect us from sorrow and pain ;
 The vow is recorded — we'll keep it like men,
 Nor yield to the spell of the tempter again —
 Gladness for woe — joy for woe !

Token of peace and of mercies in store —
 Witness the vow, God above !
 Glo-ri-a Pa-tri hence evermore ;
 Grant us the spirit of love !

Our holiest mem'ries round it throng,
 Our heart's affections, pure and strong --
 To thee all the praise and the glory belong,
 Glo-ri-a Pa-tri — above !

Will you go with us ?

TUNE — *All on hobbies.*

WE have entered the field, and are ready to fight
 Against the rum demon from morning till night ;
 The groggeries, too, we're determined to crush,
 And we'll drink good cold water to nerve for the
 rush :

Who will go with us ? Will you go with us ?
 Will you go with us for temperance too ?

We're determined to conquer, or die in the fight,
 For we can't bear a rum-hole at all in our sight ;
 For they look bad ; they smell bad ; they are
 bad, we know ;

So come along with us, for on we will go :
 Who will go with us, &c.

Now, ye rum-selling gentry, our advice is to you ;
 Just drop your foul traffic, for it never will do ;
 It is injuring us ; it is ruining you ;
 So get yourselves out, and go teetotal, too .
 Who will go with us, &c.

Now, ladies, good ladies, we ask you to-night,
 Just go along with us, and aid in the fight ;
 With you on our side, this is what we will do,
 We'll make all the toppers go teetotal, too .
 Who will go with us, &c.

Come, ye Drunkards.

TUNE — *Turn to the Lord.*

COME, ye drunkards, sad and weary ;
 Come, the pledge can make you whole ;
 Only that alone can save you
 From the poisonous, mad'ning bowl.

Chorus.

Come, sign the pledge ; 'tis your salvation ;
 Shout its praises o'er the land ;
 Come, and aid the reformation ;
 Swell the happy temp'rance band.

O, 'tis joy, beyond all telling,
 When the inebriate breaks his chain,
 Feels his heart with rapture swelling,
 Knows himself a man again :
 Come, sign the pledge, &c.

Hark, from mountain, hill, and valley,
 Hark, the cry, They come, they come !
 Round the temp'rance flag they rally,
 To march against the tyrant Rum
 Come, sign the pledge, &c.

Listen to their songs of gladness,
 As they triumph on their way ;
 They have banished all their sadness ,
 Listen to their glorious lay :
 Come, sign the pledge, &c.

Let us all unite in giving
 Help the wanderer to save,
 Till on earth not one is living
 That shall fill a drunkard's grave :
 Come, sign the pledge, &c.

Then come, poor drunkards, heavy laden,
 Though your burden 's hard to bear ;
 Come, the pledge will give you freedom ;
 Sign it, and you need not fear :
 Come; sign the pledge, &c.

I'm free, I'm free.

BY CHARLES D. LINCOLN.

TUNE — *Rockaway*.*

I'M FREE, I'M FREE ! I've burst the bands
 The tyrant forged with cruel hands ;
 Too long I've bowed at Bacchus' shrine,
 Too long have quaffed the rosy wine ;
 My body and my mind are free
 From thee, thou tempting fiend, from thee ;
 I've spurned thee as a worthless thing,
 That nought but pains and sorrows bring :
 I'm free, I'm free ! I've burst the bands
 The tyrant forged with cruel hands ;
 Too long I've bowed at Bacchus' shrine,
 Too long have quaffed the rosy wine.

I'm free, I'm free ! and never more
 Shall I be lured by the siren's power ;
 Her smiling charms are nought to me ;
 I've signed the PLEDGE ! I'm free, I'm free !
 Come, all my worthy friends, and see
 How sweetly passes life with me,
 Since I in temperance took a part,
 And shouted, FREE ! with all my heart :
 I'M FREE, I'M FREE ! and never more
 Shall I be lured by the siren's power ;
 Her smiling charms are nought to me ;
 I've signed the PLEDGE ! *I'm free ! I'm free.*

* In singing, repeat the first four lines of each verse.

Dismission Hymns.

J. S. FOWLER.

TUNE — *Sicilian Hymn.*

Now, farewell ; our banquet 's over ;
 Heavenly blessings on you fall ;
 Farewell, sister, farewell, brother,
 Farewell, Washingtonians all !

May the arm of God enfold you
 Through the darksome hours of night,
 And his power divine uphold you
 Till the day's returning light.

Gracious Father, hear our pleading :
 Gratitude our bosoms swell ;
 Guard us with thy holy keeping ;
 Bless our parting word, farewell.

Sicilian.

HEAVENLY Father ! give thy blessing,
 While we now this meeting end ;
 On our mind such truth impressing
 That may to thy glory tend.

Save from all intoxication ;
 From its fountain may we flee ,
 When assailed by strong temptation,
 Put our trust alone in thee.

Old Hundred.

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow ;
 Praise Him, all creatures here below ;
 Praise Him, above, ye heavenly host ;
 Ye saved — redeemed — O, praise Him most

THE
BOSTON
TEMPERANCE SONGSTER;

A COLLECTION OF
SONGS AND HYMNS

FOR

TEMPERANCE SOCIETIES,

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

BY R. K. POTTER.

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trict Court of Massachusetts.

P R E F A C E.

It gives us great pleasure in being able to present No. 2 of the BOSTON TEMPERANCE SONGSTER. If an excuse was wanting for issuing this Number of the SONGSTER, it would be readily found in the rapid sale of the large edition of No. 1. It has been our object to select such songs and tunes as are most familiar to the public, that all might readily join in singing. Singing, we believe, has done more to keep the Washingtonian movement alive, in many sections of the country, than any other one thing.

Some have thought, and perhaps honestly too, that many of the tunes were too lively, or the associations connected with them were such that they should be excluded from every thing that makes any pretensions to religion or morality. We recognize the truthful saying of the celebrated Whitefield, when a similar objection was brought against many of the tunes used by his denomination — that “*the devil had been in possession of all the good tunes long enough.*” We think that Bacchus has had possession of these tunes too long altogether, and feel determined to press what we can of them into the Temperance Reform.

To our friends J. F. Coles, Marsh, Walker, Thompson, and Sweetser, who have come forward so promptly and furnished us with original contribu

tions, we feel under lasting obligations. To our old and long-trying friend at the Bottle, as well as in the Temperance movement, J. F. Coles, we are obligated indeed. He is too well known as one of the early *and warm advocates of the Washingtonian movement, and one who has always moved steadily forward without faltering, to need any endorsement from us. May his pathway be strewn with prosperity and happiness.

With these few disjointed sentences, more to present a Preface because it is customary, than from any real conviction of its necessity, we send our little collection forth, with all its good and bad qualities, trusting, in this instance, that the good will predominate over the evil.

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TEMPERANCE SONGSTER.

All Hail the Cause.

BY J. F. COLES.

TUNE--*Coronation.*

ALL hail the cause of Temperance !
The cause of all mankind !
The old, the young, the rich, the poor,
May here rich blessings find.

The soul whom Alcohol has bound,
With all his magic powers,
May free itself, and henceforth walk
A pathway strewn with flowers !

God gave to us the gushing spring,
The brook and murmuring rill ;
From these we all can quench our thirst,
And be His children still.

Not so the slave of Alcohol,
Who sips from fashion's bowl ;
Each draught is poison, and pollutes
The body and the soul.

Then hail, all hail bright Temperance !
Friend of the true and brave !
Long o'er Columbia's happy homes,
May thy broad banner wave.

The Drunkard's Child.

BY J. E. ELLIOTT, P. C. R.

Air—*Days of Absence.*

See yon feeble infant kneeling,
On a dark and gloomy mound ;
Down his face the tears are trickling—
Why hath he such misery found ?
Infant like, his hands toward Heaven
Seem upraised in silent prayer ;
While his sobs, so deeply thrilling,
Echo sadly on the ear.

Why hath infancy such sorrow ?
Why so feeble, pale and wan ?
Alas ! poor child, the coming morrow
Reflects but wretchedness again.
Thou hadst friends that fondly loved thee,
Parents, kindred, all thine own ;
But, alas ! they all have left thee,
Sad, dispiritless, and lone.

Rum, that vile malignant poison,
Robbed thee of thy Mother dear ;
With a heart thrice broke with anguish,
She died, and left her darling here.
Thy father, too, a loathsome drunkard,
His wretched life at last gave up ;
Drinking in death the dregs unholy,
That linger in the Drunkard's Cup.

Yet wipe away thy tears, poor infant,
Thy mother looks from Heaven above ;
Her fondest prayers encircle round thee,
To shield the object of her love.
Avoid through life the wary tempter
That caused thy parents so much pain ;
And may, at last, the child and mother
In Heaven's mansions meet again

We'll Never Drink Again.

AIR—*Never part again.*

'Tis good, dear friends, to sign the Pledge,
That sets the drunkard free—
Come join the happy, happy band
Wherever they may be.

CHORUS—We're marching to the field of strife,
To give the dying drunkard life ;
Let Temp'rance, then, triumphant reign
And never let us drink again.

ONE VOICE—What, never drink again ?

ALL—No, never drink again !

ONE VOICE—What, never drink again ?

ALL—No, never drink again :

Let Temp'rance, then, triumphant reign
And never let us drink again !

Weep not, dear children, weep no more,
Weep not, thou loving wife ;
The father and the husband lost,
Is now restored to life.
We're marching, &c.

Behold the bright array of men,
United in the cause,
That thousands of the human race
Around its standard draws.
We're marching, &c.

The Temperance banner and the Pledge
By us shall be unfurled ;
And it shall be our pride and boast
To wave it o'er the world !
We're marching, &c

King Alcohol is Going.

BY CHARLES MARSH.

TUNE—*My Bible leads to Glory.*

King Alcohol is going,
King Alcohol is going,
King Alcohol is going
To leave this blessed land.

Sing on, shout on, every Washingtonian,
Sing on, work on, and bless the happy day.

His reign has been so fearful,
His reign has been so fearful,
His reign has been so fearful
That we will all rejoice.

Sing on, &c.

His former friends desert him,
His former friends desert him,
His former friends desert him
"As rats a falling house."

Sing on, &c.

He lost his crown in Baltimore,
He lost his crown in Baltimore,
He lost his crown in Baltimore
By Mitchell's noble band.

Sing on, &c.

His robe is torn and tattered,
His iron arm is shattered,
His army is all scattered,
And soon we'll have his sword.

Sing on, &c.

We'll grieve no more in sadness,
We'll shout with joy and gladness,
The song of love and goodness
Upon our sinful earth.

Sing on, &c.

Then sign, O sign, my mother,
 My father, sister, brother,
 And thus sustain each other
 Upon the Temperance Pledge.
 Sing on, &c.

Arise ye Sons of Temperance.

BY J. F. COLES.

AIR—*Franconia.*

Arise ye sons of Temp'rance,
 Join in the joyful strain,
 The galling chains that bound us,
 Shall bind us ne'er again ;
 For He who rules the thunder,
 God of the earth and sea,
 Has broken them asunder,
 And made his children free.

When we were most forsaken,
 And plunged in anguish deep,
 His voice bid us awaken
 From our lethargic sleep ;
 We heard the cry of warning,
 Resounding through the land,
 And Fashion's mandate scorning,
 Joined in the Temp'rance band.

Then come, ye sons and daughters,
 Come listen to our call,
 And drink the cooling waters,
 Which freely flow for all ;
 Then pain and grief and sadness,
 Shall flee far, far away,
 And peace and joy and gladness,
 Be yours from day to day.

An Appeal.

TUNE—*Bonny Doon.*

Lift on high the Temperance banner—
 Freemen! freemen! to your posts;
 Hear the victims, how they stammer!
 Hasten—save them or they're lost!
 Look, e'en now a drunken father!
 Reels along yon noisy way;
 From their home, the wretched mother
 Leads her trembling babes away.

Father, rouse thee! see yon treasure;
 Yonder thoughtless, yielding one,
 Seeks the goblet for his pleasure,
 Madly quaffs, and is undone.
 Sisters! snatch thy wretched brother
 From the spoiler's cruel grasp:
 Ere another—and another
 Victim to their arms they clasp!

Wife! with heart almost to breaking,
 Hast thou not a word to say?
 Canst thou thus be slumber taking,
 While thy husband is their prey?
 Husband! watch around her pathway—
 Save thy idol from the snare;
 Tear her from their fangs away,
 Husband, husband, O, beware!

Oh! let not thy children curse thee,
 As the authors of their woe!
 Fathers, mothers, rouse thee—rouse thee,
 Break the fatal chain and go!
 Patriots, Christians, Friends of Freedom!
 The cry is loud—can nought be done?
 Nought to break this cruel thralldom?
 Falter not! or we're undone!

The Temperance Revolution.

BY REV. E. H. CHAPIN.

AIR—*Missionary Hymn.*

From Plymouth's rock of story,
From Yorktown's field of blood,
Through many a woodland hoary,
O'er many a rolling flood ;
On old plains scarred with battle,
By old shrines rich with prayer,
The sounds of conflict rattle—
And yet no sword is there.

But, like a clarion, loudly
O'er storied hill and glen,
This call is bursting proudly
From the deep hearts of men—
Up, up from prostitution,
To sin and misery,
The Temperance Revolution
Is setting thousands free.

So host with host assembling,
The victory shall win,
Lo! on his throne sits trembling,
That old and giant Sin ;
Like chaff by strong winds scattered,
His banded strength hath gone,
His charmed cup lies shattered,
And still the cry is—" On."

Our Fathers' God ! Our keeper ;
Be thou our strength divine !
Thou sendest forth the reaper,
The harvest all is Thine.
Roll on, roll on this gladness,
Till, driven from every shore,
The drunkard's sin and madness
Shall smite the earth no more.

Washingtonian Song.

BY MRS. E. C. GAVITT.

TUNE—*Auld Lang Syne.*

Oh no, we cannot touch the bowl,
 There's death in every sip;
 It sinks the mind—destroys the soul,
 It ne'er shall press our lip.
 Cold water is the drink we love,
 Pure from the sparkling stream;
 This cooling draught revives our strength
 While homes with comforts gleam.

Let others boast the praise of wine,
 And Alcohol so bold;
 We sing in notes almost divine,
 The praise of water cold,
 Cold water is the drink we love,
 Pure from the sparkling stream;
 This precious gift unites our hearts
 To home—where treasures gleam.

A band united now we stand,
 Of fearless hearts and true;
 To drive the poison from our land,
 And all rum-sellers too.
 Yes, all rum-sellers now must give,
 Their barb'rous traffic o'er;
 We pledge to chase this demon foe,
 Far from our native shore.

Come join our ranks, all ye who love
 Your friends', and virtue's call;
 Now with the Washingtonians move,
 And banish Alcohol.
 Cold water is the drink we love,
 Pure from the sparkling stream;
 This precious gift unites our hearts
 To home—when pleasures gleam.

Take the Pledge.

BY J. H. AIKMAN.

TUNE—*All is well.*

Bring forth your bands, and sound the watchword
high,

Take the pledge—take the pledge!

Let earth through all its regions hear the cry,

Take the pledge—take the pledge!

Let every voice join in the sound,

And every heart with rapture bound,

As full and clear the shout goes round—

Take the pledge—take the pledge!

Too long have chains the slumbering world held fast,

Take the pledge—take the pledge;

For deep in woe have many hearts been cast,

Take the pledge—take the pledge.

The clouds have hung for many years,

And joy was steeped in bitter tears,

But clouds have gone—the pledge appears,

Take that pledge—take that pledge.

Bright joy has come to hearts once filled with woe,

Take the pledge—take the pledge;

And every soul that hears, that joy may know—

Take the pledge—take the pledge.

The shield is broad, there is a home

For all who now in sadness roam;

Then leave the tempter, freely come,

Take the pledge—take the pledge.

Come one and all, who love our favored land,

Take the pledge—take the pledge;

It spreads a radiance round on ev'ry hand,

Take the pledge—take the pledge.

It gives bright joy where e'er it goes,

It stays all want, and wealth bestows,

It heals the deepest, darkest woes,

Take the pledge—take the pledge.

Arouse ye Washingtonians.

BY J. G. EVELETH.

TUNE—*Cracoviene.*

Hold on, hold on, ye noble band!
Till freedom reigns throughout the land;
Till rum and gin, and brandy all,
Shall have their last and final fall.

CHORUS—Arouse up, Washingtonians all,
And help us roll the temp'rance ball;
We'll have a glorious jubilee,
And raise the shout, "our land is free."

Push on, push on, both young and old!
Till all have gained the destin'd goal;
Be wide awake, nor give it up!
Until ye break the drunkard's cup.
Arouse, &c.

If there's a prize for those who fight,
Come labor on with all your might;
For sure the happy day will come,
When friends no more shall sell their rum.
Arouse, &c.

Come, noble sons of Baltimore,
And all who dwell upon this shore;
Come all who dwell beyond the sea,
And join the temp'rance jubilee.
Arouse, &c.

Hurrah Song.

TUNE—*Away to School.*

Hark! hark! the Washingtonians shout,
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah,
Their valiant hosts they marshall out,
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah,
A wreath of fame each brow adorns,
That veils beneath no gilded thorns. [hurrah.
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah, hurrah, hurrah, hurrah,

The wife's sad tears to smiles are turned,
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah,
The drunkard loves the child he spurned,
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah,
Nor shuns the child his father's face,
Now folded in his fond embrace,
Hurrah, &c.

His footstep at the opened door,
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah,
Strikes terror to their hearts no more,
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah,
It is no knell of blighted joys,
'Tis music sweet, that fear destroys.
Hurrah, &c.

Our fathers fought, their lands to free,
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah,
But champions of the soul are we,
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah,
Were e'er such mighty battles fought,
Were e'er such deeds of wonder wrought.
Hurrah, &c.

Now let us shout in praise of those,
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah,
Who quaff no more the cup of woes,
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah,
The Washingtonian pledge who sign,
And veto cider, rum and wine.
Hurrah, &c.

The Temperance Shout.

By permission, from Covert & Dodge's Collection of Songs, published by Charles Keith, 69, Court street.

AIR—*Tyrolese Shout of Liberty.*

Shout, shout, your voices rise,
The rocks and hills with echo ringing ;
Shout aloud until the skies,
Send back their joyful sound.

Let every tongue, in every land,
 Join in the joyful, happy sound,
 While every happy temp'rance band,
 Their tuneful notes prolong.
 Shout, shout, for victory;
 With cheerful hearts we now are singing.
 Shout aloud, we now are free!
 Let all the earth resound.

Now, no longer then shall our wives or mothers
 mourn,
 Or widow's hearts be filled with woe;
 But now, returning to their happy home,
 Yes, see the now, reformed ones go.

Hail, hail, the glorious day,
 When first the temperance banner waving,
 Hail, when the glorious lay
 First struck the drunkard's ear.

Then raise your banner to the breeze,
 A beacon unto all the world;
 It brings the prisoner sweet release,
 Where'er it is unfurled.

Hail, hail, the glorious day,
 When first we signed the pledge of freedom;
 Now we join the glorious lay
 Of temperance with a cheer.

Come now let us celebrate with the dance
 and song,
 The second day of our liberty,
 When first we broke the tyrant's cruel thong.
 And joyful cry, we're free, we're free.

Moderate Drinker.

TUNE.. *Pleyel's Hymn.*

Drunkards once were given up;
 All supposed them past relief:
 But they now renounce the cup,
 And in labors they are chief.

Words that come from drunkards' lips,
 Moderate drinker! — them receive;
 They declare that he who sips
 Is in danger — them believe.

Moderate drinker; O beware,
 Satan spreads a dreadful net;
 Where you tread, he's laid a snare,
 And he thinks he'll have you yet.

Moderate drinker! O give heed,
 Take no more for "stomach's sake;"
 From the drunkard's path recede,
 All you have now lies at stake.

Moderate drinker! O beware,
 Break the habit you've begun;
 Turn your feet from every snare:
 Take the pledge, or you're undone.

The Trumpet of Temperance.

BY E. S. JOHNSON.

AIR—*What fairy like music.*

What sound do we hear coming over the land?
 The deep thrilling notes how triumphantly grand;
 'Tis the Trumpet of Temp'rance that sounds with
 applause,
 Inviting us all to come join in the cause.

The Trumpet is sounding its voice far and wide,
 Its echo's are heard to the deep mountain side;
 And in its rebounding it breaks o'er the plain,
 And rolls off its music on the wide spreading main.

The Trumpet of Temp'rance it sounds through the
 sky,
 It sends forth the mandate that Alchy must Die;
 Then in sounds of sweet music our voices will raise,
 While God guides the Trumpet his goodness we'll
 praise.

Come Join.

BY J. P. GAGE.

TUNE—*Bruce's Address.*

Come sisters join in songs of praise,
With heart and hand we'll strive to raise
The inebriate from his fallen ways,
For temp'rance must prevail.

God's laws are laws of perfect peace,
In him we'll trust and never cease,
With hearts united, he'll increase,
The "Washingtonians."

We're not ashamed to seek in cell,
And the dark abodes where misery dwell,
For there we see the bosom swell,
O who would not engage.

With pledge in hand we go to save,
Although the poisonous cup they crave,
While we portray the drunkard's grave,
They sign the "saving pledge."

We call on those who have in store
Of this world's goods a share or more,
For something to relieve the poor,
Nor do we call in vain.

We then invite the temperate poor,
Who signed the pledge to drink to more,
To call on us while we've a store,
To mitigate their pain.

To feed the poor is one command,
And when restored they join our band.
As living witnesses they stand,
The many truths to tell.

Then why should we not persevere,
For in eternity and here
Reward is ours, we need not fear,
This is our festival.

Happy Day.

BY P. H. SWEETSER.

TUNE—*Old Dan Tucker.*

We greet with joy this happy day,
And we will drive dull care away;
Hearts full of cheer we'll never fear,
While we for Temperance appear.

Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!
Hurrah! hurrah! swell the chorus,
Happy days are yet before us!

The Temp'rance cause we dearly love,
Our vow is registered above;
United all in heart and hand,
Oh, are we not a happy band?

Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! &c.

From morn to noon, from noon to night,
O may the cause our hearts delight;
And when our daily task is o'er,
We'll sing the song we sung before.

Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! &c.

The Temp'rance Star is rising high,
It shines in splendor from the sky;
Its beams shall light the drunkard's cot,
And pierce the darkness of his lot!

Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! &c.

O we will love the Temp'rance Pledge,
It blesses youth and riper age;
It gives to all the joys of home,
An earnest of the peace to come!

Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! &c.

And science fair, and learning bright
Shall shed a pure and holy light;
And *Temp'rance*, *Love*, and *Liberty*,
Our watchword ever more shall be!

Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! &c.

I'm Bound for a life of Temperance.

TUNE—*Breare.*

BY J. F. COLES.

I'm glad I ever saw the day,
That I walk'd in the Temp'rance way.
Oh, I'm bound for a life of Temp'rance,
Will you go along with me ;
Oh I'm bound for a life of Temp'rance,
Go sound the Jubilee.

No more shall alcohol entice,
Or draw me to the haunts of vice.
Oh, I'm bound for a life of Temp'rance, &c.

No more I'll spend my precious time,
In drinking Brandy, Beer or Wine.
Oh, I'm bound for a life of Temp'rance, &c.

Since I renounced the social glass
My days and nights I sweetly pass.
Oh, I'm bound for a life of Temp'rance, &c.

By day my heart with joy doth beat,
At night my dreams are ever sweet.
Oh, I'm bound for a life of Temp'rance, &c

Good health is mine without alloy,
And aches and pains no more annoy.
Oh, I'm bound for a life of Temp'rance, &c.

Then come dear friends and sign the Pledge.
And thus escape dark ruin's edge,
Oh, I'm bound for a life of Temp'rance, &c.

Then you like me will bless the day,
You e're walked in the Temp'rance way.
Oh, I'm bound for a life of Temp'rance, &c.

A Song of Temperance.

What means all this great commotion, motion, motion,
tion

The country through ?

Why, 'tis the drunkards waking up

To life anew and temperance too,

To life anew and temperance too,

And to pure cold water they come, come, come,

And leave their rum,

And to clear cold water they come.

In all the cities east and west, west, west,

Cold water hosts you'll view,

An army seventy thousand strong

Shouting anew for temperance too,

Shouting anew for temperance too,

And to pure cold water they come, come, come,

And leave their rum,

And to clear cold water they come.

Now drunkards just a friendly word, word, word,

We wish to say to you ;

Come join with us, and one and all

Will stand by you and temperance too,

Will stand by you and temperance too,

And to pure cold water we'll come, come, come,

And leave our rum,

And to clear cold water we'll come.

Come, ladies, we implore your help, help, help,

Our reform to carry through ;

If you will aid us heart and hand

We'll strike for you and temperance too,

We'll strike for you and temperance too,

And to pure cold water we'll come, come, come,

And leave our rum,

And to clear cold water we'll come.

Don't give it up so.

BY DR. CHARLES JEWETT.

Friends of temperance, fair and strong,
List a moment to our song ;
Do not be in haste to go ;
'Twill not do to give it up so.

It will never do to give it up so,
It will never do to give it up so,
It will never do to give it up so, oh no,
It will never do to give it up so.

Still there is a wretched band
Of drunkards reeling through the land ;
And our work will not be done,
'Till we've saved them every one.
It will not do, &c.

Many a wretched drunkard's wife
Now is wearing out her life,
In the home of want and woe ;
'Twill not do to give it up so.
It will not do, &c.

See her children sore distressed,
Ragged, hungry, and oppressed ;
Mark their bare feet on the snow ;
'Twill not do to give it up so.
It will not do, &c.

If you've fallen from the pledge,
And are just at ruin's edge,
Sign again ; let all men know
You will never give it up so.
It will not do, &c.

If you are a temperance man,
Still keep doing all you can ;
'Till we've struck the final blow,
'Twill not do to give it up so.
It will not do, &c.

The Temperance Army.

BY J. F. COLES.

AIR—*Old Church Yard.*

See the Temp'rance Army coming,
See the Temp'rance Army coming,
See the Temp'rance Army coming,
In the name of Washington.

We go for reformation
By all in every station,
Throughout this wide creation,
In the name of Washington.

They come from every quarter,
And every son and daughter
Is pledged to pure cold water,
In the name of Washington.

We go for reformation, &c.

See from every street and alley,
From the mountain top and valley,
See the Sons of Temp'rance rally,
In the name of Washington.

We go for reformation, &c.

See the temp'rance banner flying,
Hear the temp'rance army crying,
Old Alcohol defying,
In the name of Washington.

We go for reformation, &c.

Come, ye whose heads are aching,
Come, ye whose nerves are shaking,
Come, ye whose hearts are breaking,
Take the name of Washington.

We go for reformation, &c.

Come, ye who have been weeping,
Your brains in brandy steeping,
No more your vigils keeping,
Take the name of Washington.

We go for reformation, &c.

Then swell the joyful chorus,
 For He who reigneth o'er us
 Will drive the foe before us,
 In the name of Washington.
 We go for reformation, &c.

Old King Alcohol.

BY J. F. COLES.

TUNE—*Dandy Jim of Carolina.*

There's wicked rogues in every place,
 Who prey upon the human race;
 But there is not among them all
 A rogue so great as Alcohol.

For we have always found him so,
 The worst old scamp in the country, O;
 We've tried him well, and now we know
 He's what we have told you O.

He'll promise fair to be your friend,
 If you with him your time will spend;
 But when your money is all gone,
 He'll treat you with contempt and scorn.

For we have always found him so, &c.

He'll make you think, that when you drink,
 He's saving you from ruin's brink;
 But every single glass you fill,
 Will only sink you deeper still.

For we have always found him so, &c.

He whispers in your ear by stealth,
 That drinking leads to fame and wealth;
 But soon you'll find that both have flown,
 And left you nought but rags alone.

For we have always found him so, &c.

He says that drinking will prolong
 Your life and health, and make you strong;
 But if such doctrines are believed,
 Too soon you'll find you've been deceived.

For we have always found him so, &c.

Then come, dear friends, come one and all,
 And down with old King Alcohol;
 Of all deceivers he's the worst,
 A rogue and liar from the first,
 For we have always found him so, &c.

Behold the Washingtonians.

BY J. F. COLES.

TUNE—*Cheer up, my lively lads.*

Behold the Washingtonians;
 They come from every quarter;
 They've bid adieu to alcohol,
 And now drink pure cold water.
 Then cheer up, teetotallers,
 Join in the joyful chorus;
 Old Alcohol and all his clan
 Are flying fast before us.

The news that floats upon the gale,
 From every side, is cheering;
 Red noses and carbuncled cheeks,
 Each day are disappearing.

Then cheer up, teetotallers, &c.

The rags which once each drunkard wore,
 No more his form disgraces;
 But now, in handsome broadcloth dressed,
 They all wear smiling faces.

Then cheer up, teetotallers, &c.

No more we hear of aches and pains,
 When rising in the morning;
 Hot brandy slings and early drams
 Teetotlers now are scorning.

Then cheer up, teetotallers, &c.

Old Alcohol is trembling now;
 His throne begins to totter;
 His house is built upon the sand,
 And cannot stand cold water.

Then cheer up, teetotallers, &c.

And when the tyrant dies we'll shout
 A long — a loud hosanna ;
 We'll bury him, and on his grave
 We'll plant the Temp'rance banner.
 Then cheer up, teetotallers, &c.

Soldiers of the Pledge.

BY J. F. COLES.

TUNE—*Lucy Neal.*

Come, soldiers of the pledge,
 And listen to the call
 We make on you, good men and true,
 To fight 'gainst Alcohol.
 Then hoist the temp'rance flag,
 And let it wave on high ;
 So all may see, that we are free.
 And Alcohol defy.

Too long, beneath his sway,
 We've groaned in anguish deep ;
 Now we'll unite, and in the fight,
 The tyrant foe defeat.
 Then hoist the temp'rance flag, &c.

The shield we wear is truth,
 And justice is our sword ;
 Our flag's unfurled, throughout the world ;
 Our leader is the Lord.
 Then hoist the temp'rance flag, &c.

We fight for aged dames
 And hoary-headed sires ;
 And they shall be from sorrow free
 When Alcohol expires.
 Then hoist the temp'rance flag, &c.

For widows and for wives,
 And little children too,
 We onward go, to meet the foe,
 Their happiness in view.
 Then hoist the temp'rance flag, &c.

And when the battle's o'er,
 And victory is won,
 We'll all rejoice, with heart and voice,
 And lay our armor down.
 Then hoist the temp'rance flag, &c.

The Pledge Signed.

BY J. F. COLES.

AIR—Go, forget me ; why should sorrow.

Brothers, I the pledge have taken,
 Poor and wretched though I be ;
 If by former friends forsaken,
 Yet I feel that I am free.
 Broken are the cords which bound me ;
 Severed is each iron chain ;
 Brothers now are gath'ring round me ;
 All is bright and fair again.

My heart with rapture now is beating,
 Filled with new and strange delight ;
 Dark despair is now retreating
 Into everlasting night.
 The star of hope is shining o'er me ;
 Clouds no longer round me play ;
 Sweet the prospect now before me ;
 All my cares have passed away.

Friends, be warned by my example ;
 Shun the tempter's fatal snare ;
 Else upon your heart he'll trample,
 Leaving you in sad despair.
 Fly, O fly, from sin and sorrow ;
 Dash the poisoned bowl away ;
 Put not off until to-morrow
 That which you should do to-day.

Friends United.

BY F. M. ADLINGTON.

TUNE... *Soldier's Return.*

From hill and dale and fertile plain,
Where man has made his dwelling;
The friends of temperance rise again
Like some proud river swelling.

Ah, good it is to mingle here,
The cause we now are aiding,
Will wipe away the mourner's tear,
Restore the bloom that's fading.

Here friends united heart and hand,
To help the cause endeavor;
Comparing notes in wisdom plan'd,
To ply the temp'rance lever.

O, holy be that blessed hour,
When he who rules creation,
From humble means produced a power
To save this mighty nation.

No more the stubborn heart recoils,
While reason's voice is striving,
The drunkard-maker yields his spoils,
Unnumbered hearts reviving.

O, aid the cause with heart and brain,
'Till all the land's enlightened;
'Till every brow has lost its stain,
And every eye is brightened.

Then swell the anthem loud and high,
A ransom'd nation's offering;
And fill our Father's sparkling sky
With praise from all his offspring.

Friends of Freedom.

TUNE—*Scots wha hae*

Friends of freedom! swell the song;
Young and old; the strain prolong,
Make the temp'rance army strong,
And on to victory.

Lift your banners, let them wave,
Onward march the world to save;
Who would fill a drunkard's grave,
And bear his infamy?

Shrink not when the foe appears;
Spurn the coward's guilty fears;
Hear the shrieks, behold the tears
Of ruined families!

Raise the cry in every spot —
“*Touch not — Taste not — Handle not!*”
Who would be a drunken sot,
The worst of miseries?

Give the aching bosom rest,
Carry joy to every breast,
Make the wretched drunkard blest,
By living soberly.

Raise the glorious watchword high —
“*Touch not — taste not, till you die!*”
Let the echo reach the sky,
And earth keep jubilee.

God of mercy, hear us plead!
For thy help we intercede!
See how many bosoms bleed!
And heal them speedily.

Hasten, Lord, the happy day,
When, beneath thy gentle ray,
Temp'rance all the world shall sway,
And reign triumphantly.

The Star of Temperance.

BY J. F. COLES.

TUNE—*Zion.*

I have wandered from east to west
 By day and by night ;
 In vain have I sought for rest
 In sinful delight.
 I have spent my days
 Travelling in folly's maze
 And in forbidden ways,
 Leaving the right.

I've drank from the nectared bowl
 The bright ruby wine ;
 I've bowed my thirsty soul
 Before Bacchus' shrine.
 But there's a hollow still,
 Sinful pleasures cannot fill ;
 And nought ever will,
 But love divine.

Thus I have spent my youth
 In sorrow and shame ;
 Folly's envenomed tooth
 Hath poisoned my brain.
 Thoughts of coming years
 To my darkened soul appears
 Filled with doubts and fears,
 Blasting my fame.

Lo, yon bright star above,
 Shining on me !
 Emblem of Truth and Love,
 I bow to thee.
 Star of Temperance,
 Purity and excellence,
 Pledged to Abstinence
 I will ever be.

The Temperance Pledge.

BY J. F. COLES.

TUNE—*Lovely Fan.*

The Temp'rance ball is rolling along,
Rolling along,
Rolling along ♪

A thousand voices swell the song,
And shout for liberty.

Then come and sign the Pledge to-night,
The Pledge to-night,
The Pledge to-night;

Then come and sign the Pledge to-night,
And fly from Alcohol.

The temp'rance banner waves on high,
Waves on high — waves on high;

Cold water is our battle cry,
Our watchword, Victory.

Then come and sign the Pledge to-night, &c.

Each mother, daughter, sister, wife,
Sister, wife — sister, wife,
Is pledged to aid us in the strife,
And cheer us on our way.

Then come and sign the Pledge to-night, &c.

The good and true, the wise and brave,
Wise and brave — wise and brave,
Unite with heart and hand to save
The poor forsaken sot.

Then come and sign the Pledge to-night, &c.

God speed the happy, happy day,
Happy day — happy day,
When all shall own his righteous sway,
When all shall be redeemed.

Then come and sign the Pledge to-night, &c.

We drink no more.

AIR—*The mellow Horn.*

The dawn is on the mountain top, the darkness flies
 the plain,
 And we spring up from healthful sleep, renewed for
 toil again ;
 Our brows unpained, our spirits free, as they were
 ne'er before,
 For we have pledged ourselves to drink the liquid
 death no more,
 We drink no more, we drink, we drink no more,
 We drink no more, we drink, we drink no more ;
 For we have pledged ourselves to drink the liquid
 death no more,
 For we have pledged ourselves to drink the liquid
 death no more.

When evening spreads her dusky veil, we to our
 homes repair,
 No weeping wives, no trembling babes, await our
 coming there,
 But cheerful hearts and sparkling eyes now meet us
 at the door,
 For we have vowed while life will last, we'll drink,
 we'll drink no more.
 We'll drink no more, we'll drink, we'll drink no
 more,
 We'll drink no more, we'll drink, we'll drink no
 more ;
 For we have vowed, while life shall last, we'll
 drink, we'll drink no more,
 For we have vowed, while life shall last, we'll
 drink, we'll drink no more.

The pledge ! the pledge ! the glorious pledge ! no
 earthly boon like this !
 So pure, so full of present good, so fraught with
 future bliss !

We'll drink the pledge, in water bright, our goblets
brimming o'er,

And wine we leave for slavish sots, but we — we
drink no more.

We drink no more, we drink, we drink no more,
We drink no more, we drink, we drink no more;
And wine we leave for slavish sots, but we — we
drink no more,

And wine we leave for slavish sots, but we — we
drink no more.

Washingtonian Song.

TUNE—Of all the lands.

Before all causes, East or West
I love the Temperance Cause the best —

I love its cheerful greetings:
No joys on earth can e'er be found,
Like those pure pleasures which abound
At Washingtonian meetings.

Before all edicts, East or West,
I count the Law of Love the best —
Its accents mildly spoken,
Will harmless make the poisoned bowl —
Build up the wounded, and control
The heart that's almost broken

Before all people, East or West,
I love the Temperance men the best,
I love their noble spirit!
In generous deeds, not words, they deal;
They have at heart the poor man's weal —
All praise their efforts merit.

To all the world I give by hand —
My heart is with that noble band,
The Washingtonian Brothers.
God speed and prosper every plan
Whose basis is the good of man,
But this before all others.

The Anti-Teetotaller.

TUNE--*Fine old English gentleman.*

I'll sing you a wondrous song, 'twas made by a young
pate,

About a gentleman who had become intemperate ;
His hall so old was drear and cold, and winds howl-
ed round the door,

He scorned to sleep upon a bed, and so slept on the
floor,

Like an anti-teetotaller,
One of the olden time.

He lived a lonely life, for he had fewer friends than
foes,

Yet there he sat in a burly state, and rubbed his old
red nose ;

The greatest enemy he had lived with him in the
hall ;

His name was " Demi-John," and him he loved the
best of all,

Like an, &c.

In former days he was gallant and dressed quite like
a dandy,

Yet the girls soon cut him when they found he was
in love with brandy ;

And now a bachelor, his house was as lonely as a
barn ;

He had no wife to darn his socks, and he had no
socks to darn,

Like an, &c.

He now had fashions of his own, and dressed just
as he chose ;

He wore a hat without a crown, and toeless boots
and shoes ;

His trousers they were much too short, or he was
much too long,

And tho' he had grown very weak, his breath was
very strong,

Like an, &c.

One day there came a friend to him, and begged the
pledge he'd sign,
And evermore forswear the use of brandy, beer, and
wine ;

"O, yes," said he, "I'll pledge to thee ; come, let
us drink a thumper ;

Here's may we never want a horn, drain to the dregs
the bumper,"

Like an, &c.

But when he learned the temperance pledge made
people fat and healthy ;

That many who were poor before, by signing it grew
wealthy,

"Give me the pledge," said he ; "I'm free ; I'll
drink no more of sorrow ;

My heart is light, and I shall be another man to-
morrow,"

Like a thorough teetotaller,
One of the present time.

Thanksgiving Hymn.

BY I. F. SHEPARD.

TUNE—*America.*

God of the spreading earth !

From many a happy hearth

This day shall rise

Thanks from glad hearts to thee,

For heav'n-born liberty,

That wakes from hosts made free —

Reaching the skies.

Thanksgiving we will bring,

That wives this hour may sing,

In holy strains,

Triumphant songs for sires

Plucked from their funeral pyres,

Erst bound in angry fires,

And damning chains.

From crowding children break
 Anthems that raptures wake,
 For parents found;
 With dawning light they bend,
 Where holy thoughts ascend,
 And prayer and praises blend
 In joy profound.

God of the right ! still speed
 Our holy cause, till freed
 Is every soul;
 Let echoing pæans swell,
 Telling that truth can quell
 The raging fires of hell,
 From pole to pole.

Come, join the Washingtonians.

TUNE—When I can read my title clear

When all, who sell for sordid gain
 'The liquid fire of woe,
 From this vile traffic shall refrain,
 What streams of bliss will flow !
 O, it will be joyful, joyful, joyful,
 When rum shall be sold no more,
 To make the heart deplore —
 The land will be
 Most truly free,
 When rum shall be sold no more
 The frightful ills that now destroy
 Domestic love and peace,
 Will then sweet home no more annoy,
 But all their fears will cease.
 O, it will be joyful, &c.

Returning hope will kindly bless
 The most despairing lot,
 And fortune's smile, with glad success,
 Will brighten ev'ry spot.
 O, it will be joyful, &c.

Our country, cleansed from this foul stain,
 Will shine with nobler fame ;
 Our "*drunken nation*" ne'er again
 Shall rest upon its name.

Oh ! it will be joyful, &c.

Then let us rise with heart and hand
 To hasten on the day,
 When this fell trade throughout the land
 Shall yield to Temp'rance sway.

Oh ! it will be joyful, &c.

Come, vender of this maddening drink !
 In mercy now abstain —
 Of all its wretched victims think !
 And cast away their bane.

Oh ! it will be joyful, &c.

The blessing of each ransomed heart,
 By your forbearance blessed,
 A richer treasure will impart,
 Than all your gains possessed.
 Oh ! it will be joyful, joyful, joyful,
 When rum shall be sold no more
 To make the heart deplore.

The land will be
 Most truly free,
 When rum shall be sold no more.

Welcome, Brothers !

TUNE—*Watchman, tell us of the night.*

Welcome, brothers, welcome here !
 Cheerful are our hearts to-day ;
 Tell us, we would gladly hear,
 How our cause speeds on its way.
 Brothers, then the foe shall fall
 When we take our fathers' seats ;
 Here we pledge us, one and all,
 We will drive him from our streets.

'Tis on us the work depends,
 On the young and rising race ;
 And we'll try to make amends
 For our country's deep disgrace.
 Here we pledge ourselves anew
 Not to touch the drunkard's drink ;
 Proving faithful, proving true,
 We will make the demon shrink.

Daughter of Nations.

TUNE—*Daughter of Zion.*

Daughter of nations, awake from thy slumbers ;
 Awake ! for thy foe is oppressing thee sore ;
 Down the dark stream of intemp'rance what num-
 bers
 Are urging their way to eternity's shore !
 Daughter of nations, awake from thy slumbers ;
 Awake ! ere thou fall, to recover no more.
 Daughter of nations, thy sons are enslaved,
 A tyrant infernal has bound them in chains ;
 Arise in thy might, let thy children be saved,
 Expel the dread foe from thy mountains and
 plains ;
 Daughter of nations, thy sons are enslaved ;
 Awake ! ere they sink where despair ever reigns.
 Daughter of nations, thy daughters are wailing ;
 The ruin of husbands and sons they deplore ;
 By grievous oppression, their sad hearts are quailing,
 In piteous accents thy aid they implore.
 Daughter of nations, thy daughters are wailing ;
 Awake to their rescue from rum's deadly power.
 Daughter of nations, the world is in mourning ;
 For thousands of thousands by drunk'ness are
 slain ;
 And millions of mortals to dust are returning,
 For wretchedness follows in Alcohol's train.
 Daughter of nations, the world is in mourning ;
 O let not the judgments of heaven be vain.

Daughter of nations, the morning is beaming,
 The day-star of temp'rance ascendeth the skies ;
 Awake to the light that from heaven is gleaming ;
 No more let the darkness o'ershadow their eyes.
 Daughter of nations, the morning is beaming ;
 Now hail the bright day with thy soul-cheering
 cries.

The Firm Resolve.

BY MRS. LYDIA BAXTER.

TUNE—*I would not live alway.*

I will not drink alway ; no, ere I depart,
 I'll dash the vile cup that has maddened my heart ;
 O'er the past may oblivion throw her dark pall,
 And hope cheer me onward from Alcohol's thrall.
 I will not drink alway ; the craving within,
 Which fettered me closely to sorrow and sin,
 No more shall enslave me ; from bondage I'll flee,
 And drain with thanksgiving the *cup* of the free.
 I will not drink alway ; my children no more
 Shall eat the cold morsel they craved from each door ;
 Their heart-broken mother no more shall despair,
 But breathe with more fervor to heaven her prayer.
 O, who would drink alway the brain-maddening bowl,
 Destruction and misery and death to the soul ?
 Who then will not pledge from this *monster* to flee,
 And drink from the fountain that sparkles so free ?

Pure Water.

BY E. S. JOHNSON.

AIR—*Sweet Afton.*

O, water, pure water, how brightly it flows,
 An emblem of virtue wherever it goes !
 The cot and the hamlet, they too are supplied
 With the bright sparkling water that runs by their
 side.

O, water, pure water, thy praises we'll sing,
 And tell of the beauties and comforts you bring ;
 That home where was misery, thou'st banished its
 gloom,
 And saved the fond father from the drunkard's sad
 doom.

O water, pure water, thou bright crystal stream,
 Flow on in thy channel ; thy virtues are seen,
 While thousands are praising thy fountain of life,
 And echo thy goodness from morning till night.

O water, thou emblem of peace to the mind,
 Thou'st caused those to see, who by habit were
 blind.

Then wend thy way onward ; we'll conquer the
 world,

With the banner of temperance forever unfurled.

Washingtonian Song.

TUNE—*Sparkling and bright.*

Sparkling and bright, in its liquid light,
 Is the water in our glasses ;
 'Twill give you health, 'twill give you wealth,
 Ye lads and rosy lasses.

CHORUS—O, then resign your ruby wine,
 Each smiling son and daughter—
 There's nothing so good for the youthful
 blood,

Or sweet, as the sparkling water.

Better than gold is the water cold,
 From the crystal fountains flowing ;
 A calm delight, both day and night,
 To happy homes bestowing.

O, then resign, &c.

Sorrow hath fled from the heart that bled,
 Of the weeping wife and mother ;
 They've given up the poisoned cup,
 Son, husband, daughter, brother.

O, then resign, &c.

Combination Song.

TUNE—*Washing Day.*

Times won't be good, 'tis plain to see, till we're rid
of Alcohol;
And then we'll have a glorious time to roll the Tem-
perance ball.
Then let us rouse with might and main, together,
one and all,
And work, and work, and work, and work against
King Alcohol.

The Tailors, too, they're on the spot, to roll the
Temperance ball;
They know they never got a job from old King Al-
cohol;
They'll cut, and baste, and cabbage, and sponge, and
press, and sew, and hem,
And stitch, and stitch, and stitch, and stitch for all
the Temperance men.

Shoemakers, too, with right good will, will join the
working throng,
And what they do for Temperance, they'll do both
neat and strong;
They'll cut, and crimp, and last, and stitch, and peg,
and black, and ball,
And peg, and peg, and peg, and peg — then peg old
Alcohol.

The Blacksmiths will roll up their sleeves, and make
their sledges swing,
And in the cause of 'Temperance they'll make their
anvils ring;
They'll blow, and strike, and forge, and weld, and
make the cinders fly,
And hammer, and hammer, and hammer, and ham-
mer, for Alcohol must die.

The Butchers, they are on the spot, with knives and
 aprons all,
 And ready are to go to work to dress old Alcohol ;
 They'll stick, and cut, and dress, and carve — his
 carcass they will spoil,
 Then carve, and carve, and carve, and carve, and
 carve old Alcohol.

The Coopers, they are on their way, with barrels
 ready made,
 To pack away old Alcohol, and send him to the
 shade ;
 They'll raise, and croze, and gauge, and hoop, with
 hoops both great and small,
 And hoop, and hoop, and hoop, and hoop, and hoop
 up Alcohol.

The Ladies, too, are coming up, to help us in the
 cause,
 And what they do for Temperance, will meet with
 our applause ;
 They'll laugh, and cry, and sing, and sigh, and smile,
 and pout, and frown
 And talk, and talk, and talk, and talk the monster
 out of town.

Swell the Strain.

BY C. L. HEYDE.

AIR—*Bonny Doon.*

Swell, swell the strain ! ye caverns, fling,
 Ye mountains, back respond the cry —
 Forth from your rocky beds upspring,
 Ye fountains, that in secret lie.
 Ocean, make known the joyful tale,
 By swelling wave of crested foam ;
 Bear it, ye winds, through every vale
 Where'er ye wayward wist to roam.

O, whisper it, ye stirring groves —
 Forests, your topmost branches bend ;
 Ye birds, that sweetly sing your loves,
 Your melodies uniting lend.
 Visions which to the dreamer come,
 O, bring it to the wanderer's soul ;
 When slumbering he revisits home,
 Join it to memory's blest control.
 Fate, by a sign do thou it bear
 To climes, where sad is felt and known
 The white man's curse, and dark despair —
 The burning death he there hath shown.
 Proclaim it loud through every land
 That man's deliv'rance now is nigh ;
 Raise every voice and every hand
 In prayer and praise to God on high.

Our Onward Way.

BY J. H. AIKMAN

TUNE—*Zion*.

O'er the dark abodes of sorrow,
 Cheered by no reviving ray,
 Brightly temperance arising,
 Brings a bright and glorious day.
 Onward, onward !
 Let it speed its joyous way.
 Thousands, long in bondage groaning,
 Hail the bright and glorious light ;
 See, from eastern coast to western,
 Quickly fly the shades of night ;
 See, redemption
 Pours its beams divinely bright.
 May the heart-reviving story
 Win and conquer — never cease —
 May the ranks of temp'rance ever
 Multiply and still increase ;
 Till its influence
 Fills the world with joy and peace.

The Voice of my Country.

TUNE—*Silver Street.*

I heard a bitter sigh
 Break from a mother's breast,
 And knew it was my country's voice
 That thus her sons addressed :
 " Ye are my crown of hope ;
 Dim not its peerless ray :
 Ye are the sinews of my strength ;
 Cast not that strength away.
 " There is a fiery cup,
 Whose ministry of woe
 Can melt the spirit's purest pearl,
 And lay the mightiest low.
 Turn from its treacherous tide,
 Repel its siren claim,
 Nor let me 'mid the nations blush,
 And mourn my children's shame.
 " And will ye, for the sake
 Of one brief poison-draught,
 The record of my fame debase,
 By blood and suffering brought ?
 And will ye cast that stain
 Upon my banner's ray,
 Which all the rivers of your realm
 Can never wash away ? "

One Glass More.

TUNE—*Rose of Allandale.*

Stay, mortal, stay ! nor heedless thus
 Thy sure destruction seal ;
 Within that cup there lurks a curse,
 Which all who drink shall feel :
 Disease and death, forever nigh,
 Stand ready at the door,
 And eager wait to hear the cry,
 O, give me " one glass more ! "

Go, view the prison's gloomy cells,
 Their pallid tenants scan!
 Gaze, gaze upon those earthly hells,
 And ask when they began;
 Had these a tongue, O man, thy cheek
 Would burn with crimson o'er;
 Had these a tongue, they'd to thee speak —
 O, take not "one glass more!"

Behold that wretched female form,
 An outcast from her home,
 Crushed in affliction's blighting storm,
 And doomed in want to roam;
 Behold her! ask that prattler dear
 Why mother is so poor —
 He'll whisper in thy startled ear,
 'Twas father's "one glass more!"

Stay, mortal, stay! repent, return!
 Reflect upon thy fate;
 The poisonous draught indignant spurn
 Spurn, spurn it ere too late;
 O, fly the alehouse horrid din,
 Nor linger at the door,
 Lest you perchance should sip again,
 The treacherous "one glass more!"

The Penitent.

BY J. F. COLES.

TUNE—*Long, long ago.*

Once I was happy and free as the air,
 Long, long ago — long, long ago;
 My heart beat with hope, a stranger to care,
 Long, long ago — long ago.
 My dreams were so sweet, and thoughts were so
 pure,
 The siren Intemp'rance in vain did allure;
 I thought, that my footsteps were steadfast and sure,
 Long, long ago — long ago.

How fair and how lovely the world did appear,
 Long, long ago — long, long ago ;
 I dreamed not that sorrow or trouble was near,
 Long, long ago — long ago.
 But fashion allured, and led me astray ;
 Slowly, but surely, I wandered away ;
 My heart filled with anguish and bitter dismay,
 Long, long ago — long ago.
 'Twas fashion that filled my young heart with de-
 spair,
 Long, long ago — long, long ago ;
 And left me a victim to sorrow and care,
 Long, long ago — long ago.
 But now I'm resolved to turn from the bowl,
 That once o'er my senses so cautiously stole,
 Dark'ning my mind and enslaving my soul,
 Long, long ago — long ago.

The Temperance Ship.

AIR—Old Dan Tucker.

The Temperance Ship is now afloat ;
 She is called by all a splendid boat ;
 With Washingtonians we will man her,
 And on her raise the temp'rance banner.
 Huzza ! we'll raise the temp'rance banner,
 Huzza ! we'll raise the temp'rance banner,
 Huzza ! we'll raise the temp'rance banner,
 From the old Bay State to Indiana.

Behold her riding on the gale ;
 The wind is filling every sail,
 The crew are shouting loud Hosanna,
 And proudly waves the temperance banner.
 Huzza ! we'll raise, &c.

This ship has sailed four years or more ;
 She never was beached or run ashore ;
 The worst of storms she has outbraved,
 And hosts of deathless drunkards saved.
 Huzza ! we'll raise, &c.

Come join us then, ye old and young ;
 Our banner to the breeze is flung ;
 We want your help to sing this song,
 And help the temp'rance ship along.
 Huzza ! we'll raise, &c.

The temp'rance men are turning out,
 And well they know what they're about :
 This temperance song is now before us ;
 Here's the song and here's the chorus.
 Huzza ! we'll raise, &c.

No Place like this.

BY F. M. ADLINGTON.

TUNE—*Sweet Home.*

Through all our wild rambles in search after bliss,
 Experience informs us there's no place like this :
 A charm for the soul seems to hallow this place,
 And open our hearts to the whole human race.

This, yes, this, 'tis this, there's no place like this,
 There's no place like this.

A brother who breaks from his festering chain,
 And seeks for that freedom he scarce hopes to gain.
 Kind friends, and protection, will find in this Hall,
 And freedom of speech that's awarded to all.

This, yes, this, &c.

The slave of intemperance, tho' chained to the car,
 As victors of old dragged their trophies of war,
 If he would be free, let him whisper our call ;
 We'll tender the pledge, and his fetters will fall.

This, yes, this, &c.

To all we the hand of affection extend,
 And hail ev'ry man as a brother and friend ;
 The seal of our God on his forehead we trace,
 And ask not his title, his sect, or his race.

This, yes, this, &c.

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Men, women and children, together we join,
 To drive out the curse of rum, brandy, and wine ;
 Experience assures us that Temp'rance is bliss,
 Then come to her altar ; there's no place like this.
 This, yes, this, &c.

Progress of Temperance.

TUNE—*Blue-eyed Mary.*

A beacon has been lighted,
 Bright as the noonday sun ;
 On worlds of mind benighted
 Its rays are pouring down.
 Full many a shrine of error,
 And many a deed of shame,
 Dismayed, has shrunk in terror
 Before the lighted flame.

Victorious, on, victorious !
 Proud beacon, onward haste,
 Till floods of light all glorious
 Illume the moral waste.

Intemperance has foundered ;
 The demon gasps for breath ;
 His rapid march is downward
 To everlasting death.
 Old age and youth, united,
 His works have prostrate hurled ;
 And soon himself, affrighted,
 Shall hurry from this world.

Victorious, on, &c.

Bold Temperance, untiring,
 Strikes at the monster's heart ;
 Beneath her blows expiring,
 He dreads her well-aimed dart.
 Her blows, we'll pray God speed them,
 The darkness to dispel ;
 And how we fought for freedom,
 Let future ages tell.

Victorious, on, &c.

I've left the Cup.

BY J. F. COLES.

AIR—In the days when we went gypsying.

I've left the cup that once I loved,
 A long time ago ;
 For well I know that misery
 And death from it do flow.
 When friends invite me now to drink,
 I always answer no ;
 For I'm resolved that while I live
 For Temperance I'll go.

I used to wear such ragged clothes,
 A long time ago,
 That all my friends deserted me ;
 My face they did not know.
 But now I wear a handsome suit,
 And when up town I go
 The pretty ladies smile on me,
 And call me quite a beau.

My face was once all pimpled o'er,
 A long time ago,
 But now my skin is fair and clear ;
 My cheeks with health do glow.
 And when I ask a pretty girl
 If I may be her beau,
 She smiles and whispers, if you please,
 But never answers no.

And ever since I signed the pledge,
 A long time ago,
 With every earthly happiness
 My cup doth overflow.
 In fact, whatever I possess,
 To Temperance I owe ;
 And I'm resolved in life and death
 For Temperance to go.

Touch not the Bowl.

BY J. F. COLES.

TUNE—*Will you go.*

A serpent lurks within the bowl,
 Touch it not — touch it not ;
 Its sting is poison to the soul,
 Touch it not — touch it not.
 Although it looks so bright and fair,
 And such a golden tint doth wear,
 Yet sorrow, pain, and death are there.
 Touch it not — touch it not.

Old age it hurries to the tomb,
 Touch it not — touch it not ;
 From youth it steals the cheek's soft bloom,
 Touch it not — touch it not.
 To those in health it sickness brings,
 It gorges up the wealth of kings,
 And dooms to death whom'er it stings.
 Touch it not — touch it not.

If you would shun the fatal snare,
 Touch it not — touch it not,
 That leads to madness and despair,
 Touch it not — touch it not.
 If you would burst the cords in twain
 Which bind you like an iron chain,
 Then never touch or taste again.
 Touch it not — touch it not.

Then fly from the destroying fiend,
 Touch it not — touch it not ;
 And from its influence be weaned,
 Touch it not — touch it not.
 And He who giveth length of days
 To those who walk in wisdom's ways,
 Will fill your hearts with love and praise,
 Evermore — evermore.

The Cause.

TUNE—*The Rose-Tree.*

The cause we all are pleading,
 Bless'd of Heaven, it cannot fail
 Triumphantlly succeeding,
 Yet cease not your ardent zeal,
 For countless eyes are weeping,
 Thousands strong delusions mourn,
 While folly's wages reaping ;
 Then stretch forth the friendly hand.
 The Eye that is all-seeing,
 Prompting every righteous deed,
 By thee thy brother freeing,
 Can save e'en the hopeless one ;
 Then let not means be wanting,
 Brothers, sisters, lend your aid ;
 What e'er is needful granting,
 Heaven will pay the debt again.
 And hearts that now are breaking
 Sav'd by you from ruin's fangs,
 To hope and joy awaking,
 Will strew flowers in your path,
 And fill your hearts with pleasure ;
 For love gains by all it gives
 In God's own gen'rous measure ;
 Then trust Him the faithful one.

Stay, Brother, stay !

BY E. N. ADAMSON.

TUNE—*Long, long ago.*

Stay, Brother, stay ! whither going so fast ?
 Danger is there ! danger is there !
 Ruin, which rides on the merciless blast,
 Sweeps not so bare, not so bare.
 Poison, they give, which corrupt and degrade,
 Pitfalls and snares for the drunkard are laid,
 Death and destruction to life is their trade.
 O, then beware, O, beware.

Why let the bar with its man-demon slay ?
 Danger is there ! danger is there !
 Once fall a victim, what flood shall allay
 Thirst like despair — like despair.
 'Tis a disease which will prey on the form,
 Gnaw like a serpent, and waste like a storm,
 God's lovely image defile and deform.
 O, then beware, O, beware.

Thousands you've heard of with once happy homes ;
 Where are they now ? where are they now ?
 Millions you've heard of, who rushed to the tombs,
 Weep, thinking how, thinking how.
 Think of the fathers the foe has beguiled,
 Think of the heart-broken mother and child,
 Think of the homes made distracted and wild ;
 Then take the vow, take the vow.

Touch not the cup then, as long as you live ;
 Safety is there ! safety is there !
 Pleasures you sigh for, sweet Temp'rance can give ;
 Make her your care, her your care.
 Come to her pledge, and enrolling your name,
 Hail it the passport from ruin and shame,
 To happiness, health, pure friendship, and fame.
 Come, Brother dear, Brother dear.

The Cold Water Army.

BY S. A. WALKER.

TUNE—*'Tis my delight of a shiny night.*

Did you ever hear of the Army
 The Washingtonians form ?
 Did you ever hear of the citadel
 Of Alcohol's they storm ?
 O ! it is a conquest glorious ;
 Come, spread the tidings wide ;
 O ! we'll sing a song victorious,
 And join their ranks beside.

Long has he checked his enemies,
 And held them all at bay ;
 But now the Washingtonians
 Bid fair to win the day.

O ! it is a conquest, &c.

On, on, brave Washingtonians,
 Though dear the struggle cost ;
 Press on, ye win the citadel,
 Retreat, and all is lost.

O ! it is a conquest, &c

But lo ! it totters fearfully,
 Each bannered turret falls ;
 Now like the billows boundingly
 Pass o'er its broken walls.

O ! it is a conquest, &c.

Soon from the ashes mouldering,
 This citadel laid low,
 Ten thousand crystal rivulets,
 The gifts of God, shall flow.

O ! it is a conquest, &c.

Joy in a thousand Hearts.

AIR—*A life on the ocean wave.*

There is joy in a thousand hearts,
 That wept but yester eve ;
 For the poison fiend departs,
 And our friends no longer grieve.
 The temperance pledge appears,
 The manual seal is set ;
 The hearts that sighed in tears
 Will throb in their gladness yet.
 Then shout for the thousand hearts,
 That wept but yester eve ;
 For the poison fiend departs,
 And our friends no longer grieve

The cup that we now cast by,
 By a demon's hand was given ;
 It is stained by tear and sigh,
 Accursed by man and heaven.
 Abroad, on land and sea,
 Our joyful shout is borne,
 And our fearful enemy
 Is withered by our scorn.
 Then shout for the thousand hearts, &c

The bright millennium's near,
 Which prophet lips foretold ;
 Even now its dawn is here,
 Calm, beautiful, and bold.
 Up, up, in its morning ray,
 Lift, lift our banner high ;
 Benevolence guide the way,
 And temperance be our cry.
 Then shout for the thousand hearts, &c.

We war with a despot king,
 Usurping nature's throne ;
 Down, down, the tyrant fling ;
 Let none his sceptre own.
 Then wreaths for the temperates' brow,
 More bright than shine in glen,
 For the temperance maids bring now
 Their pledge to the temperance men.
 Then shout for the thousand hearts, &c.

Come, Friends.

Air—Auld Lang Syne.

Come, friends and brethren, all unite
 In songs of hearty cheer ;
 Our cause speeds onward in its might ;
 Away with doubt and fear.
 We give the pledge, we join the hand,
 Resolved on Victory ;
 We are a bold, determined band ;
 We strike for Liberty.

Our wives, our children, we'll defend ;
 Their groans and tears no more
 Shall with the maddening liquor blend :
 Down with the tyrant's power.

We give the pledge, we join the hand, &c.

Base avarice may tempt in vain !

We will not enter where
 Dwell *Rum*, and *Misery*, and *Pain*,
 And *Death* and deep *Despair*.

We give the pledge, we join the hand, &c.

The cup of death no more we take ;

That cup no more we give ;
 It makes the head, the bosom ache :
 Ah, who can drink and livè ?

We give the pledge, we join the hand, &c.

Henceforth we one and all proclaim

Eternal war with *Rum* ;
 This is our pledge, "*We drink no more.*"
 Come, join us, Brothers, come.

We give the pledge, we join the hand, &c.

Thee we Praise.

BY G. RUSSELL.

TUNE—*Mendon*.

God of our fathers ! Thee we praise ;

To-day, our grateful thanks ascend :
 Accept these thanks — our cheerful lays
 With organ's solemn chantings blend.

Thy grace the wretched drunkard found,
 Cast out, and weltering in his blood ;

Now from *his* tongue doth praise resound —
 He *owes* that praise to thee, O God !

Restored to virtue by thy hand,

The father, brother, son, arise ;
 From sin and woe reclaimed, they stand,
 And swell thy praise with tearful eyes.

The mother, sister, daughter, too,
 With tears of gratitude and praise,
 Behold the change, and now, anew,
 Receive their friends to their embrace.

No longer poverty and shame —
 A sad inheritance — are theirs ;
 Their altered looks aloud proclaim
 A happy change in their affairs.

The Pledge in Eden.

BY D. RUSSELL.

TUNE—*From Greenland's icy mountains.*

From the bright crystal fountain
 That flows in beauty free
 From shady hill and mountain
 Fill high the cup for me !
 Sing of the sparkling waters,
 Sing of the cooling spring —
 Let Freedom's sons and daughters
 Their joyous tribute bring.

'Twas the pure pledge in Eden,
 Ere sorrow's notes were heard,
 Ere our first mother, heeding
 The subtle serpent's word,
 Forgetting her Creator,
 Plunged her long race in woe,
 And caused o'er bounteous nature
 The seeds of Death to grow.

From many a happy dwelling,
 Late misery's dark abode,
 Now the glad peal is swelling —
The hymn of praise to God.
 Hear the glad song ascending
 From many thankful hearts ;
 Hope, Joy, and Peace are blending,
 And each her aid imparts.